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The Soldiers'-Vote Scandal

We can think of no more telling rebuke to the Senators who voted for a measure which will in effect disfranchise the servicemen than the letter of Sen. Carter Glass of Virginia supporting the defeated bill, which would have enacted a practical means of collecting their ballots through federal action. Senator Glass is the Democratic dean of the Senate; he is certainly not careless of states' rights; he drafted the Virginia Constitution which embodies the poll-tax requirements. Yet he is an honest and patriotic man, and even though ill and unable to be present he could not let the issue rest without registering his vigorous dissent from the stand of his Southern colleagues.

No more disgraceful performance than that to which he objects has come from the present Congress. The unholy alliance of reactionary Southern Democrats and Northern Republicans has played politics with almost every other aspect of the war, but to deny soldiers the chance to vote in the 1944 election is a slap in the face of democracy itself. Congress is sensitive about its reputation and prerogatives; nevertheless it gives sign after sign of its unfitness to govern. Nobody who voted for this disgraceful measure should stand a chance of reëlection, from Senator Byrd down.

Turkey and the Balkans

Just what has Turkey agreed to do to help the Allies in the war? At present, this is a closely guarded secret. Apparently, however, the Axis countries believe she is about to give us some degree of military aid; and because of this, and the general development of the war, the Balkans are in a turmoil. There seems little doubt that Bulgaria and Rumania—and perhaps even Hungary—would drop out of the war if they dared. They are caught between the devil and the deep blue sea; it is a nice question of timing to know when Germany has become weak enough so that they can change sides with impunity. The Balkans will still provide plenty of headaches, but luckily, more of them for Hitler than for us.

The State Department and the Jews

We have read with consternation the report that testimony of Assistant Secretary of State Breckenridge Long may deter Congress from passing a bill to assist in rescuing the Jewish victims of Nazi tyranny by liberalizing the provisions governing the admission of refugees to the United States. Mr. Long stated that something over 500,000 refugees had been admitted during the past decade, and gave the impression that most of them had been Jews. Jewish agencies deny that this was the case. The annual average of the total number admitted is hardly more than one-third of the existing quotas, and is less than four-tenths of one percent of our total population. It is only a fraction of those who have sought admission.

Anyone who has had to do with the passport bureau in seeking the admission of refugees can testify to the difficulties which it puts in the way and to its arbitrary, bureaucratic procedure. This bureau is under Mr. Long, who is generally believed to be politically reactionary. The excuse which has been offered for the State Department in this field is that it was merely carrying out the will of Congress. Now we see Mr. Long trying to prevent Congress from liberalizing the law. It is a measure of his understanding that he should

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ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879
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boast of having admitted some 50,000 persons a year while hundreds of thousands have been seeking sanctuary.

Politics in Italy

The political situation in Italy continues to be confused and unhappy, from the democratic point of view. Italian troops have now joined for the first time with the Fifth Army in its fighting, and were at once cut to pieces by the Germans, so completely that they must be reorganized. These troops were made the occasion for monarchist propaganda; they wore monarchist emblems, and Prince Humbert made himself conspicuous. Contrast this with the fact that when liberal Italians tried to form a volunteer army a short time ago, they were forcibly disbanded by Badoglio. Student demonstations in Naples have been dispersed by Badoglio, with the tacit approval of the American and British military governments. It is no wonder that Count Sforza publicly displays his unhappiness at the way things are going, or that Dr. G. A. Borgese refers to "confusion, demoralization and misery."

A. A. Berle Jr., Assistant Secretary of State, said a few days ago that as to European countries we are keeping hands off politically; but certainly this not true in Italy, where we are doing everything possible to help the monarchy and to discourage the Italian republicans. This is contrary to the promise of the Moscow declaration as well as that of Teheran. It is contrary to all decent democratic principles. We have now been playing with Badoglio for five months and have got nothing to show for it but grief. How long does it take to convince us that we have made a mistake?

The Famine in India

The famine in India continues to take a fearful toll. Just how many have died is uncertain, partly because of bad statistical service in India, partly because of censorship, but there is no doubt that many thousands have already perished and that thousands, perhaps millions, more are in peril. The decision of UNRRA at Atlantic City not to help the Indians was something of which every delegate must in his heart be ashamed; it was forced by the British government on the flimsy pretext that the famine sufferers are not technically "victims of war." In fact, that is precisely what they are. The famine is due to the loss of the rice crop from Burma, the commandeering by the British of small boats which are an important part of Bengal's internal transportation, inflation by means of paper money, the export of wheat to British armies in the Middle East, purchases of food for British and American troops in India and the overloading of Indian railways by wartime traffic. If these things do not make the Indians "victims of war," what does?

Efforts are at last under way to help the famine sufferers, but they are both tardy and indequate. The British government is resisting efforts to bring food from abroad—it actually rejected Canada's offer of 100,000 tons of wheat—on the ground that shipping is not available. I. F. Stone, in PM, says that American shipping experts believe there is plenty of shipping, if anyone would take the trouble to look for it. In the opinion of these experts: 1. Ships go to India without full cargoes. 2. Luxuries are being transported unnecessarily in other parts of the world. 3. Several conflicting agencies have jurisdiction over shipping, with resultant serious waste.

Mr. Stone says ships now go from the United States to Australia with war cargoes and then turn around and come home again. They could easily pick up a cargo of wheat in Australia (which has a huge surplus), deliver it to India, pick up there a cargo of rare minerals needed in the war effort, and come home by way of the Mediterranean, adding very little time to the present round trip between the United States and Australia. Much grain is being hoarded by speculators in India today; a few shiploads from Australia, threatening to break the price, would help to bring this grain out of hiding.

The Court and the Trotskyists

In 1940, Congress passed a law known as the Smith Peacetime Sedition Act. It forbade the dissemination within the United States of literature advocating violent revolution. In doing so, Congress turned its back on a national policy of a hundred years which had held that men should be punished for actions, not opinions, and that the theoretical advocacy of revolution should not be punished unless conditions in the nation are such that there is "a clear and present danger." In other words, you may not shout "Fire!" in a crowded theatre, but you may do so in the middle of a vacant lot.

In 1941, a labor dispute broke out in Minneapolis between two rival groups of teamsters, one in the AFL and the other in the CIO. The CIO group was led by some members of the Socialist Workers' Party, a Trotskyist sect. As a result of the strike, these Trotskyists were arrested under the Smith law, found guilty and given severe sentences. The United States Supreme Court a short time ago refused to hear an appeal. Why it so acted, it is difficult to say. In a recent parallel case, it upheld the naturalization of William Schneiderman, a Communist, though actually some of the same revolutionary literature played a part in both cases. Sooner or later, the Smith Act will certainly be overthrown by the Court or repealed by Congress. It is another piece of hysterical legislation like that of the early 1920's, all of which has now gone by the boards. The inexplicable action of the Supreme Court postpones a necessary job of housecleaning at a moment when a demonstration of democracy in high places was never more badly needed.

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Two Speeches

Speaker Sam Rayburn's speeches in the House are very rare and WPB vice-chairman Charles Wilson spends more time fighting to increase production than talking about it. It is significant, therefore, that both of these men were moved to deliver similar speeches on successive days recently. They discussed the "dangerous trends" toward disunity now forming in this country. They spoke simply and sincerely about the things that are threatening our fighting strength.

Speaker Rayburn sternly warned the House against the irresponsible course it has been following in recent weeks, against loose gossip about the motives of our allies or of our own war administration, and pointed a long finger at the groups trying to break down price control for the benefit of special interests. He asked House members to take his message to their constituents for Christmas.

Mr. Wilson, a Republican business man, spoke his piece to the annual meeting of the National Association of Manufacturers, which is not used to hearing the kind of criticism Wilson leveled at them. "I am deeply alarmed today over the possibility that a right-wing reaction may draw some sections of capital so far away from our traditions as to imperil the entire structure of American life as we know it. . . . Democracy in any country can be blighted by the many deadly parasites which will always attack it if they can. I refer not merely to Japanese beetles and Nazi bloodworms, but also to an American breed of maggot which has been all too numerous of late, and which is trying to break through the skin of democracy and suck the life blood out of it. There are too many men who are ready to spread the poisons of falsehood and hate at every turn."

Both speeches were heartily applauded. How many true "amens" were spoken can only be judged by the results.

The Senate Votes for Inflation

By act of the Senate, non-operating railroad employees have joined the United Mine Workers of John L. Lewis in the realm of privilege. The Senate has voted to grant a flat eight-cent-an-hour increase to more than a million non-operating railwaymen, countermanding an opposite decision by Stabilization Director Fred Vinson.

Regardless of what the Senate's motives in the matter may have been, this action is a blow at the anti-inflation line Vinson and Byrnes are holding so determinedly. Repeatedly in the debate on the measure, Senators rose to state that passage of the railway wage increase could not be interpreted as a precedent for the granting of demands of other groups because in this case the Senate was merely voting to uphold an earlier award made by an arbitration board under the Railway Labor Act. Vinson had disregarded the legal ruling of that body, and the Senate was now voting to uphold the finding. The members contended that their action did not encroach upon the Price Stabilization Act. It is hard to accept this argument, even though it was made by some of the Senate's best debaters.

Vinson warned the Senate Interstate Commerce Committee, which handled the resolution: "Congress itself will have broken the Little Steel formula [if it approves the railway wage demand] and will have told the country that a privileged group is outside the stabilization program and is not to join in the battle against inflation."

A People's Lobby

Two groups of non-professional lobbyists have been swarming over Capitol Hill to challenge the professional pressure boys. They were sent to Washington by their local organizations to support the administration's subsidy program and/or to fight for repeal of the poll tax as a prerequisite to voting in federal elections.

Emergency conferences held by the two groups on succeeding days had remarkably broad representation. The poll-tax strategy meeting drew 160 delegates, from 20 states. Properly, the soldiers'-vote bill was included as a part of the fight for a free ballot. It was argued that the "unholy alliance" of Southern Democrats and Pew Republicans against the soldiers' vote would soon be revealed also as a coalition against HR 7, the poll-tax-repeal bill. And they therefore set to the job of breaking that alliance in its present form.

You're RICH - you can afford to pay higher prices!
You're POOR - you can't afford to pay higher taxes!
G.O.P.
SUBS NO
TAX NO
US
Stan MacGovern

Stan MacGovern in The New York Post

Double Talk

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Representatives of women's, veterans' and consumer organizations answered the call of the "Fighting Forty" congressmen who are leading the pro-subsidy forces. But on both issues, the people's strength is still slight by comparison with their opposition. Emergency conferences must be translated into constant pressure if Congress is to be pushed down the proper path.

Can Business Provide Jobs?

THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF MANUFACTURERS, though technically it represents 80 percent of the nation's industrial establishments, has formerly appeared before the public as the extreme right wing of business thought in the United States. On the occasion of its annual meeting it has usually brought forth observations which appeared like relics exhumed by archeological research, so reactionary were they and so unaffected by current necessities. Measured against this yardstick, the meeting just closed in New York seems positively futuristic; the NAM has progressed to the point at which economists stood a quarter-century ago.

Of this conversion the address of Mr. Alfred P. Sloan of General Motors may be taken as an excellent sample. Business has a public function to perform beyond the mere accumulation of profits. It is responsible for raising the standard of living of the people and for providing a high level of employment. In seeking to perform this function it must avoid monopolistic practices and cease to rely on protective tariffs. Rather, it must through enlarged production and the reduction of prices seek to sustain a higher national income and a better distribution of it. Henry Ford, it is true, used to say things like this, but he was always a business maverick.

Mr. Sloan's address means something more in practice than anything Mr. Ford ever said, however, because it involves more quantitative knowledge and more planning. He begins with the prediction of a postwar national income of a certain size—$100,000,000,000, or about one-third greater than before the war. With this as a basing point, General Motors has estimated what it can sell, and has planned reconversion and retooling accordingly. This will involve an appropriation of $500,000,000. The inference is that if all industry does likewise, planning on a bold scale to meet the demand which an enlarged national income would generate, that income itself will be forthcoming through the activity of industry, and employment will be high.

This at once raises the discussion to a level where doubts and questions can be expressed in terms which are not mere generalities. Is the national income which is taken as a base large enough to provide anything like full employment at the present level of prices and the present development of productive technique? Various estimates have been made, and this one is in the lower part of the register. Will the other concerns plan as boldly, and will the production programs as actually carried out generate a national income of the magnitude assumed? We are entitled to ask industry to make its figures known so that we can judge whether its plans in the aggregate are sufficient for the objective. There are also important questions of timing. Will the demand for the machinery essential for retooling all be dumped on the market at once, and if so may it not be inflationary, and may it not be followed by a reaction?

This is not the place to elaborate on the technical questions involved, but it is obvious that in such matters we cannot rely solely on the individual decisions of individual manufacturers, and probably not on all their decisions combined. Government will inevitably have a large role to play, if the project is to be successful, in such matters as price control, the allocation of scarce materials, the release of men from the armed forces, and above all in its policies of taxation, borrowing and repayment of debt.

The NAM convention failed to yield any adequate pronouncements in this realm. Nobody, not even Mr. Sloan himself, gave evidence of a recognition of the integration and flexibility of governmental policy which will be essential. He did speak of the desirability of good policies for reconversion and the termination of war contracts, for the disposal of government-owned property and for a system of incentive taxation. He favored labor-management coöperation. These subjects offer plenty of room for possible disagreement in detail, but at least they were recognized. On the immensely important matter of fiscal policy, however, almost nothing was said.

Mr. J. Cheever Cowdin, chairman of the committee on governmental finance, recommended merely a drastic reduction of taxes, a balanced federal budget, with reduction in governmental agencies and employees, and a plan for paying off the war debt starting immediately after the war. If this is all the NAM has to offer, it evidently intends not only to call upon industry to do the job of assuring employment and preventing a postwar depression, but to leave us without any recourse if industry fails. Obviously governmental deficits ought to cease when employment is full and there is a danger of inflation. But how well does such a program fit with drastic reduction of taxes? And if unemployment begins to swell, is not that the signal for more government spending, or reduction of taxes, or both? Until the manufacturers give some sign of understanding the necessity of a compensatory fiscal policy they are not ready for the postwar economic world. We should all be glad to see private industry try to provide continuous full employment, but its record in this regard does not justify us in placing all our eggs in its basket.

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In Yugoslavia

THE ESTABLISHMENT of the Partisan Provisional Government in Yugoslavia sounds the death-knell of the reactionary and unrepresentative Yugoslav Government-in-Exile. For it is unlikely that the Partisans would at this time have taken the final step of breaking with the Government-in-Exile without having previously sought at least the silent consent of the Allied powers, with whom they now have excellent liaison. In giving this consent, the Allied powers have not only officially admitted that the Partisans are fighting the Germans and governing liberated territory as a purposeful and organized force, but they also put the Government-in-Exile on notice that its days may soon be numbered. The latter's violent denunciation of the Partisan action, especially a communiqué attributed by its press office to Mihailovich, saying that "apart from the Communist Party, which never has been particularly powerful in Yugoslavia, no political organization supports this government," only betrays its panicky state of mind. Indeed, the fact that only two Communists, Marshal Tito and Vice President Mosha Pijade, are included in the Provisional Government, gives the lie to the allegation, carefully nurtured by the Government-in-Exile, that the Partisans are all Communists.

On the contrary, the composition of the Provisional Government indicates the political respectability and wide democratic basis of the Partisan movement. The President of the Provisional Government, Dr. Ivan Ribar, has been a revered democratic leader in Yugoslavia in whose new government after the First World War he participated prominently as chairman of the constituent assembly. All the other members of the Partisan government are well known figures inside Yugoslavia, mostly of middle-class origin—a high-court judge, a newspaper editor and a priest. They represent all Yugoslav nationalities on an equal basis, including Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, as well as the country's colorful religious life, the Greek Orthodox and Roman Catholic Churches, Judaism and Mohammedanism. The Provisional Government is popular, democratic and representative, all virtues which the functionless Government-in-Exile has shown itself to be conspicuously lacking.

The creation of the Partisan Provisional Government is another victory of the new, unified Anglo-American-Soviet political strategy. Agreement on Yugoslavia between the Soviet Union—which had supported the Partisans from the first without, however, severing diplomatic relations with the Government-in-Exile—and the Anglo-American powers was probably easier than expected. For the British, after having recognized what the real situation inside Yugoslavia was, with their usual sense of realism had exiled the Yugoslav Government-in-Exile from London to Cairo, where it is much easier to check its continuous political intrigues.

A dispatch to The New York Times, dated December 5 and coming from Cairo under the byline of C. L. Sulzberger, intimates that the establishment of the Provisional Government "also complicates the position of the United Nations and allies of Yugoslavia immensely." However, it is not the new government which complicates matters, but the continued existence of the paper government in Cairo, which happens to enjoy status under international law, although it has almost no political power. Equally questionable, therefore, is the report of The Times from London, dated December 6, that "the British government is urging moderation and compromise upon the two factions contending for control of Yugoslavia." Apart from the unlikelihood that the British government is following such a policy, it is altogether erroneous to say that "two factions" are "contending for control of Yugoslavia." In fact the fight is over. The Partisan movement is in control of those areas which it has liberated. And it is hardly a "faction" any longer. A "compromise" could only benefit that other faction, the Government-in-Exile, which deceived the Yugoslav people a long time ago by telling General Mihailovich not to fight the Germans and to spare his forces until the Allies should do the job of liberation for him.

To the Partisans a "compromise" would mean a betrayal of all those ideals for which they are fighting the Germans—democracy for the Yugoslav people and autonomy of the Yugoslav regions. For neither of these did the old regime, represented by the Government-in-Exile, show much regard. It is evident that not compromise, but withdrawal of recognition from the Government-in-Exile and granting it to the Partisan Provisional Government, represents the only democratic solution of the Yugoslav question.

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Senator Butler and Latin America

SEN. HUGH BUTLER hasn't been a statesman long. The bulk of his sixty-five years have been spent milling grain in Nebraska villages, finally moving to Omaha, working as a member of the Republican National Committee and of the board of Rotary International. When he was surprised by a seat in the Senate he was well over sixty, intent on doing something for his country, but vague as to how to go at it. Last summer, he flew around the Latin American circle and visited each of the twenty republics. The substance of his report is now given in a 176-page memorandum to the Senate, an article in the current Reader's Digest and many columns in the daily press. It is a rousing attack on all that Washington has done in Latin America. His charges are threefold: we are spending $6,000,000,000; we are boondoggling and making fools of ourselves; we are getting nothing for our money save contempt and hate.

This is serious business. Are all of us naïve who credit the present administration with pulling our hemispheric relations out of the doldrums in which they have so long languished? Is it all a delusion that we are really getting along better with the Mexicans and the Brazilians and the rest than at any previous time? If Butler is right, then it is high time we knew it, and time that the nonsense and waste be stopped before more harm is done. If Butler is wrong, it behooves us to scotch the story before serious injury is done our delicate relations with our southern neighbors.

Mr. Butler makes three charges which must be examined.

First, the money spent. The Senator says that we have spent $6,000,000,000 in three years. He does not say where he got the figure. But he makes enough mistakes to give us pause. He says Nelson Rockefeller's Office of the Coördinator of Inter-American Affairs has had $400,000,000; the fact, clear to anyone who can read the reports of the Bureau of the Budget, is that exactly $129,000,000 has been appropriated since August, 1940. Next item—the Senator includes $57,000,000 spent in Puerto Rico. What has that to do with Latin America? Has not Hugh Butler heard about the annexation of Puerto Rico? Next item—$298,000,000 for maintenance of the Panama Canal. And what has that to do with Latin America? Next—he says we have spent $438,000,000 on the Pan-American Highway. Actually we have put in $26,000,000 plus Export-Import loans of $85,000,000 more for all highway projects in Latin America. These are a few of the errors for that three-year period. If the figures which can be checked fare so badly, what about the unitemized billions which the Senator would have us accept on his bare word?

It is not possible to give a categorical answer to Mr. Butler's blanket figures. There is a war on, much of the money spent in Latin America has gone into military installations whose details the government cannot yet reveal—and which no Senator with a sense of responsibility has a moral right to discuss. Senator McKellar says we have spent in Latin America about $2,207,000,000. That may be taken as the administration's answer—and those nearest to the Latin American situation believe McKellar is about right. We can go a step farther and make some guesses as to how the money is roughly divided. A half-billion, more or less, will have gone into education, propaganda, health, economic coöperation and cultural interchange of all sorts. Something less than a half-billion will have gone into loans to Latin American governments. A billion, more or less, will have gone into various projects under Lend-Lease, chiefly for definite military ends. This is a guess, based on figures available. The Senator also made a guess. I lay a bag of Brazilian coffee against a bushel of Nebraska corn that the Senator's guess is just about three times the truth.

Second, what we did with the money. Boondoggling, that is the Senator's blanket description. He seems to like nothing and nobody connected with the Latin American program of the administration. He intimates we waste money on items described as "military." He thinks the Pan American Highway is useless, with millions wasted on it. Of course he may be right, but I see nothing in his experience in Nebraska which makes his judgment any better or worse than yours and mine. Cannot the Senator remember the desperation of the days after Pearl Harbor, when with one voice we all urged the army and the navy and Congress and the President to protect the nation, and to forget costs? Mr. Butler says money was wasted. Exactly who will bother to argue that point with the Senator? Exactly who is under any delusions as to the waste of war?

Mr. Butler does not like the way the State Department runs its embassies in Latin America. He found them overstaffed, not always well staffed. Too bad that Mr. Butler was not competent to make his criticism more explicit, to put his finger on the spot, in capital after capital, to show what excellent work is done in some places, what mediocre work is done in others. That sort of criticism would have been fruitful; his is useless.

Mr. Butler dislikes "cultural" projects, possibly because he does not understand them. He notes that the

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government has financed a handbook on South American Indians, a survey of collections of Latin American music, recordings of folk music. He thinks this is funny. Good clean Nebraska fun.

Mr. Butler is worried about our purchases in Latin America. We buy hugely, he says. We do. Furthermore our purchases produce booms which will break one day and leave everyone angry with us. As to this, he may be right. He cites Cuba and says, "The United States bought all of last year's Cuban sugar crop: $158,000,000. Our purchases from Cuba this year will probably total $200,000,000." So what, Senator? Ask Mrs. Butler about Coupon No. 29 in Ration Book 4. Of course we are buying lots of other things in Latin America—tin, rubber, copper, manganese, nickel, vanadium, molybdenum, tungsten. Of course we pay money for these items. Of course our purchases produce booms. Of course booms raise hell with any community or nation. Has the Senator not heard about the war, and what it takes to make planes and tanks and guns?

Mr. Butler dislikes our rubber program, suggests that it is wasteful and uneconomic. We are encouraging the production of rubber in spots which can never compete in the postwar world. The Senator may be right as to this. But again he seems to have forgotten the desperate urgency we faced in the days after Pearl Harbor. He finds some measures of military coöperation with Latin America "sentimental." He cannot understand why we gave ten sub-chasers to Cuba.

The Senator is angry over the wages paid by us to various Latin Americans. He says that Dominicans, accustomed to a prevailing wage of 70 cents a day, get $3 to $5 from us. Paraguayans, accustomed to 60 cents, get from $3 to $5. Bolivians, who have struggled along on 90 cents, get $6 to $8. Brazilians, who have averaged $1.80 per day, now get from us wages ranging from from $5 to $10. I wonder where Mr. Butler got his figures. I have shelves full of statistical reports—and I have also collected my own statistics by word of mouth in sundry valleys of the Andes and in out-of-the-way spots in Brazil. I'm afraid the Senator's figures are the result of intensive research in the Hotels Copacabana, Plaza, Crillon and Bolivar. Brazilians never averaged $1.80 a day—the last official government estimate (perhaps too high) set the average industrial and agricultural wage at $11.80 *per month*. Paraguayans never got 60 cents a day, nor did Bolivians get 90 cents. Furthermore, the handsome figures cited for the new North American employers are clearly fictitious. Wages are up—but not that far up.

Leaving the Senator's rather trivial indictments, let us see where the money has gone in Latin America.

First, military ends. We have spent a billion, more or less, on strengthening our military lines in Latin America. There are airfields in Colombia from which our fliers—with the coöperation of the Colombian government—can protect the Panama Canal. There are other airfields in Central America and Mexico which afford protection of the Canal, the Pacific Coast and the Caribbean. There are airfields in Brazil which furnished the stepping-stones by which thousands of planes made their way to Africa; thanks to them, Rommel was driven from Africa; Sicily fell; Italy buckled. There are American troops and installations on the Galápagos Islands, thanks to the coöperation of the Ecuadorian government. Those island fortifications stand today as a bulwark against Japan. Mr. Butler says we have thrown that money away.

Second, loans. Mr. Butler says we make ourselves ridiculous by pouring money out in loans which will never be repaid. But many of the loans are being repaid. The facts on these loans are not subject to rumor or conjecture. The Export-Import Bank, as of November 30, 1943, has made commitments on loans to the Latin American republics aggregating $778,000,000; of these $201,000,000 had been canceled; $212,000,000 had actually been disbursed; $107,000,000 had been repaid. The outstanding loans aggregated $104,000,000; undisbursed commitments aggregated $371,000,000—a total of $476,000,000 either paid out or promised. Of course there will be defaults. But surely the Senator knows that governmental loans must sometimes—and especially in wartime—be judged upon other criteria than credit soundness.

For example, there are a number of weak governments in the Caribbean area. The war threatened to disrupt their economy; it might easily have precipitated revolutions useful to the enemy. We kept those governments from falling. We lent money which stabilized their economy and in turn they played ball with us. They broke with the Axis, they declared war, they coöperated in censorship, they seized dangerous aliens, they applied curbs on Axis trade, they provided us with strategic materials.

Third, cultural expenditures. Here we have a great variety of programs and projects carried on by the State Department, the Coördinator, Commerce, Agriculture, Labor and other governmental agencies. Here enter such items as education, propaganda, health projects, cultural interchange. Mr. Butler pulls out a few of them for ridicule—music, for example. Why does Mr. Butler find it so funny that the government should take a belated interest in the music of Latin America? If it is desirable that the peoples of the Americas be drawn more closely together, why should not music be a vehicle? Is there something obscene in translating Benjamin Franklin into Spanish so that the South Americans will understand us through him; in translating Sarmiento into English so that we may know that schoolteacher-statesman better?

Why, again, is Mr. Butler so worried about the $25,000,000 we are putting into health projects in Latin

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America? Much of it has been spent to help the war effort. Much of it helps to protect the United States itself from tropical diseases. In Brazil, we are trying to make certain Amazon areas livable so that we will get more rubber. Mr. Butler worries greatly about the $2,000,000 we are spending in Ecuador. Does he realize how greatly we need the friendly coöperation of that poverty-stricken and disease-ridden little land? The Germans have not overlooked Ecuador.

The government has financed the journeyings of a large number of educators, publicists, scientists, writers, intellectual leaders; some from the United States for visits in the south, others from the Latin American republics for sojourns in the United States. It has been immensely useful. I think of scores of such Latin Americans whom I have known here, whom I have visited in their own homes in Rosario and Cordoba and São Paulo, and Concepción and Arequipa and Cali; they are telling their neighbors about aspects of life in the United States of which they had never known before, better ones than they had believed existed.

No doubt it is true that millions have been wasted, millions out of our tax money. Some projects have proved futile, and some, worse than futile. Mistakes were inevitable in a program conceived so quickly and in such large terms. But those charged with the responsibility for decision argued correctly that it was better to risk mistakes than to risk doing nothing.

Third, what we got for our money. Mr. Butler thinks he knows what we got for our money: the angry contempt of the Latin Americans. Mr. Butler, to judge from his first major appearance on the national stage, seems an angry little man without much historical perspective. No doubt even a less bitter partisan might easily have returned from a quick shuttle around the circle (with only an average of two and a half days for each of twenty nations) convinced that we are doing badly indeed. Senator Butler obviously has not had time to review other chapters in our Latin American score which would serve to illuminate the present record.

First and most important, Latin America is helping us fight the war. Only one nation, Argentina, has refused coöperation. Many nations have gone a long way to make their participation genuine and effective, though some few, despite robust protestations, have failed to do what they could. But Latin America fights the Axis. That, I submit, is a fact not to be laughed off.

Next, a sound foundation has been laid for future economic coöperation. We work with Haiti to strengthen her industry and agriculture. We establish an agricultural institute in Costa Rica to serve the farmers of Central America. We join Brazil in laying the foundations for a steel industry. We finance Chile in a long-range program for modernizing farming.

We have traveled far in creating spiritual and cultural ties between the Americas. Senator Butler obviously does not understand what cultural relations have to do with hemispheric solidarity. If he had not been so avidly in search of data to prove the sinfulness of the New Deal, he might profitably have spent a few hours with the Division of Cultural Relations in the State Department and learned something of its sober plans for linking Americans under all flags. Better still, if the Senator had not been in such a hurry, he might have spent a few days with the cultural officers, now assigned to almost all of our Latin American embassies. Here is a new type of diplomacy which even the Senator from Nebraska should be able to understand.

I am sure that the whole program has not produced the effects described by Mr. Butler. I am certain that the half-million spent on the rehabilitation of El Oro in southern Ecuador will produce long-range beneficial results remembered long after the Coördinator's office is closed. I am equally sure that some of the health projects engineered in the Coördinator's office will leave lasting confidence in lands where the United States has heretofore been feared.

We have traveled a long road from the brash imperialism of the first Roosevelt and the moral meddling of Woodrow Wilson. We have learned at last that the tranquillity and solidarity of the Western world can be built only on the foundations of respect for the sovereignty of each nation. That is the essence of the policy of the Good Neighbor. We have done some foolish things in pursuance of that policy; we have made some grievous errors. But the policy has found acceptance among us, and to a surprising degree, Latin Americans are now persuaded of the integrity of our intentions. The fact stands after all discussions are done.

I have known Latin America for twenty years. I have watched the several countries move through dictatorships and democratic strivings and seen our Latin American policy shaped by Coolidge and Kellogg, Hoover and Stimson, Roosevelt and Hull. I have seen distrust yield to increased trust. I have also heard from many a Latin American during recent months this question: What will come when the war is done? Will the Good Neighbor then disappear?

This is the real harm of Senator Butler's ill natured and ill informed outburst. He will strengthen doubts in the heart of many a friendly Latin American as to the true intentions of the United States. Few Latin Americans can know the realities of our American political system or realize how completely misrepresentative is this voice from Nebraska. Many a Latin American will conclude that he speaks officially for the Republican Party and that the Good Neighbor is dead if the Republicans return to power. The Senator undoubtedly thought to serve his country and his party. He has done harm to both.

HUBERT HERRING

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Inflation's Family Tree

A NEW COALITION of greedy Americans has organized a Plunder March on Washington. They are a hodgepodge of farmers, lobbyists, politicians, big and little, smooth and crude, "front" men and "thinkers," work horses and string-pullers, held together by their common desire for more booty than they can get under present wartime controls and by their common determination to "get" Roosevelt.

This coalition intends to plunge us into inflation by act of Congress, for they see inflation as the way to fatten themselves and make political trouble for the President at the same time. Their first campaign is to have Congress abolish consumer subsidies and thereby rip a hole in one side of our line of defense against inflation. Their success to date is obviously so great that it is high time to put together what we know about the various members of the coalition, their genealogies and records, in order to fight them more effectively.

Who is in the coalition? What interests do they represent? How do they operate?

String-Pullers and Thinkers.—The Inflation Lobby is much more than the old farm bloc, generally credited by the press with the fight against consumer price subsidies. Whereas in former days the leaders of farm organizations, such as the Farm Bureau Federation, the Grange and the National Coöperative Milk Producers' Federation, pulled the strings to which congressmen and government officials dance, today they sometimes find themselves on the other end of the string. The Ed O'Neals, the Albert Gosses, the Charlie Holmans still figure importantly in the immediate picture, but there are new and more sinister forces coming to power in the agriculture lobbies.

Big business long ago declared itself in on the agricultural situation. Now, after repeated congressional exposures, the National Association of Manufacturers, for one, finds it very convenient to stay in the background and allow reactionary farm leaders to front for the programs it favors. After the last war, when the NAM had had a big helping of unfavorable publicity, the National Industrial Conference Board was established to carry on certain "educational" programs for which the NAM would not have been an acceptable sponsor. Last year a large industrial war chest was raised for a group called the National Industrial Information Committee, which seems to have some connection with the NAM as well as an interlocking membership. Chairman of the NIIC is J. Howard Pew of Sun Oil, champion contributor to native reactionary organizations. Among his committee members are such experienced men as Lammot duPont, Ernest T. Weir and Colby Chester, chairman of the board of General Foods. The NIIC's stated purpose is to return to the nation, when hostilities have ceased, "one of the essential freedoms for which we are fighting and producing—the freedom of initiative." Each NIIC donation blank lists nine media of public information being used by the committee to accomplish its purpose, radio programs like the Fulton Lewis Jr. "Production for Victory" series and "Mass Appeals" such as "conferences between business men and farm leaders clarifying problems and points of view and defining methods of closer coöperation with one of America's most influential minorities."

This bid for an industry-farmer alliance for reaction is not the first try by some of the top NIIC members. Joe Pew and Lammot duPont, along with the meat-packers, were angels for the agricultural branch of the old Liberty League, the Farmers' Independence Council, which was organized at the Raleigh Hotel in Washington in April, 1935. They were trying to lick Roosevelt then, too. Many of the Grange, Farm Bureau and Association of Agricultural Commissioners members who worked with the Pew gang in the Liberty League are now working with them again in the inflation drive. The meat-packers are back on the team, and Colby Chester's presence might well mean that the canners are coöperating in the fight against subsidies.

When in the 1936 campaign they did not succeed, Joe Pew and his friends tried again. They threw their support to the National Committee to Uphold Constitutional Government which Frank Gannett, publisher and perennial Republican candidate for President, had set up to fight the Supreme Court reorganization plan in 1937. The Pew family poured money into Gannett's committee before the 1940 election, and Gannett rigged up a farmer-canner board approximating the former FIC. E. R. Eastman, editor of Gannett's paper, The American Agriculturist, was chairman; National Grange Master Louis Taber was vice-chairman; William Ziegler Jr. of Standard Brands and Harry Hartke, Coöperative Milk Producers man from Cincinnati, were other members. John Roy Carlson's book, "Under Cover," reports that the committee worked closely with Father Coughlin. Taber was later to be one of the organizers of America First.

Roosevelt came back, but Frank Gannett had shown enough ability as a front man to merit the continued support of the higher-powered Pew-duPont-NAM forces, still determined to organize agriculture against the Roosevelt policies. Pew bought the mass-circulation Pathfinder magazine to increase the rural coverage he already had through his Farm Journal and Farmer's

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Wife, a widely read farm paper. Gannett branched out of New York State to form new alliances with expert string-pullers on the national scene.

As a trustee of Cornell University, Gannett was well acquainted with the chairman of its governing board, H. E. Babcock, also president of the potent National Council of Farmer Coöperatives. In September, 1942, just after President Roosevelt sent his ultimatum message on price control and economic stabilization to Congress, Babcock suddenly called an emergency conference of his own member organizations and of all the other reactionary farm organizations. Grange Master Albert Goss was there and so was Farm Bureau President Edward Asbury O'Neal III, and as an extra added attraction, Eric Johnston, president of the United States Chamber of Commerce, appeared. O'Neal made a stump-speech declaring that "everybody knows that the President is controlled by the CIO," and Johnston promised that local chambers of commerce would join the drive. They did.

Gannett turned up in Washington about the time of the big Babcock strategy meeting to sit in on another planning session. By that time Gannett had made connections with a big farm lobbyist, Ralph Moore, a former Master of the Texas Grange, who readily brags, "I don't believe there's any agricultural worker in Washington as close to as many members of Congress as I am." In a recent magazine article about Moore, Gerald Movius, secretary to Sen. Gerald P. Nye, who ought to know, calls him "a man who pulls the strings—the master lobbyist who is a reason the farm bloc is seldom blocked."

Perhaps first on Moore's list of "friends" on the Hill is Sen. Elmer Thomas of Oklahoma, a silver-bug inflationist even in peacetime. It was Moore's friend Thomas who was host at the special "planning" session where Gannett spoke late in 1942. Ralph Moore was there to hear Gannett attack price control and consumer subsidies and so, it was later reported, were Senators O'Daniel, Wiley, Wheeler, Nye, George, Shipstead, Capper, Aiken and Willis, along with Representatives Pace and Brown of Georgia, Andersen and Andresen, Pittinger, Dworshak, Fulmer, Mundt, Case, Plumley, Rizley, Boren, Lambertson, LeCompte, Kinzer and Hull.

In Ralph Moore, the Pew-Gannett gang had a strong new member. With him came easy access to the powerful State Commissioners, Secretaries and Directors of Agriculture for whom he usually serves as master of arrangements when their association meets in Washington. Many of these state officials are potentially the best bets for political contact men that the anti-Roosevelt, anti-Willkie forces can find. Moore's intimacy with them added to his value in the eyes of politicians Pew and Gannett. Further, Moore did not come into the fold in a destitute condition. Senator Thomas is not the only silver bug Moore knows. At the time when Father Coughlin was engaged in silver speculations, Moore and Thomas were reputed to be on friendly terms with Louis Ward, Coughlin's Washington agent. Robert M. Harriss, of the New York brokerage firm of Harriss and Vose, who was the Wall Street go-between for Coughlin's silver deals and a contributor to Ham Fish's 1942 campaign fund, is a Texas boy with a cotton hangover who for years has been widely credited in Washington with being an adviser to Sen. "Cotton Ed" Smith.

Harriss apparently went along on Moore's merger with Gannett and Company, for according to what Moore said in a recent interview, Harriss substantially helped pay the bills for the recent extremist food conference Gannett sponsored and Moore organized in Chicago. Designed to stir up the inflationist, anti-subsidy forces prior to the opening of the new session of Congress, Gannett's Chicago Emergency Food Conference was called for September 15. Only the most wild-eyed elements of the inflation lobby dared identify themselves with the meeting. The State Commissioners' Association, for instance, ostentatiously refrained from participating. Moore grinningly explained that situation to a Federated Press reporter: "Everyone has to have a front. The Commissioners of Agriculture haven't got time or money, but Mr. Gannett's got plenty of both. So he was our front." In the same interview, Moore cleared up the mystery of his financial backer. "Mr. Harriss?" Moore said. "Well, when we have something special—say, a dinner that costs four or five hundred dollars, or that food conference—we get some help from him." "That food conference must have cost more than that." "Oh, yes, it cost between $12,000 and $15,000," he said casually. "You see, Harriss is a Texas boy. He owns farms in Texas and Oklahoma. He's like a lot of these wealthy men. When he gets his money, he wants to do something to help the farmer. Like Gannett."

Gannett set up a continuation committee following the Chicago Food Conference to keep up the fight against subsidies. Ralph Moore got a new name for himself. He is now the National Farm Committee. Moore estimates that his new committee's funds exceed those available to any other organized farm group. "We ah well heeled," he drawls. His pals, who help him entertain his congressional cronies at big steak dinners, say that the National Farm Committee is just a new name to identify the little group of skillful political operators who claim credit for liquidating the political careers of such New Deal supporters as Sens. Clyde Herring of Iowa and Josh Lee of Oklahoma and who plan to make themselves a much greater force in the 1944 elections. They say that Moore's committee will back the Republican candidate, unless he happens to be Willkie. Big Ralph is not likely to get out of step with his patrons with such a policy. Through the officials of his committee, Moore might

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have a good deal to say about the still talked-of move to turn Southern State Democratic delegations to Sen. Harry Byrd. Among his vice-presidents are Tom Linder, Georgia Commissioner of Agriculture, and J. E. McDonald, Texas Commissioner.

These separate facts, put together, indicate that the major strength of the drive to abolish the President's subsidy program and bring on inflation stems from the Pew-Gannett wing of the Republican Party which seeks to wreck price control and then make the average family believe that the administration is to blame for higher prices; which seeks to convince farmers that the administration plans to sell out American agriculture and turn the United States into an industrial nation importing its food from South America.

Governor Dewey's activities fit so neatly into this pattern that there is a growing suspicion that he may be involved in the strategy. Months ago, Dewey took the lead in establishing a 13-state Food Emergency Committee which has been needlessly alarmist about the situation.

The Front Men.– These are the new top layers of inflation strategists. All of them have a decided 1944 slant. But they have not replaced or actually overshadowed the old reliable farm lobbies. The big farm organizations are still the operating base for the day-by-day attacks on price ceilings and consumer subsidies. But the old and the new forces are all one team. As Ralph Moore once explained it to a reporter, "We don't have any differences. . . . Sometimes one group calls a conference—as Babcock called the big conference at the Raleigh Hotel last October—and sometimes another does. Then the one calling it can dictate the policy. But we all work together—dairy, cotton, wheat interests. If we weren't to do that we wouldn't last long."

The American Farm Bureau Federation and its president, Ed O'Neal, are the real gentry of farm-bloc circles. O'Neal strolls through the Capitol much as he might wander over his Alabama plantation, giving a suggestion here, an order there, overseeing Congress at work from his seat in the gallery. Many congressmen feel bound to vote for the Farm Bureau if they wish to keep their seats.

Of the other three members of the "Big Four" farm lobbies, the Grange, the Coöp Council and the Milk Producers' Federation, the latter is now generally rated as the most serious enemy of price control and subsidies. Price-administration officials say that when the big boys decide to move in on a specially tough price fight, it is Charlie Holman, secretary of the Milk Producers' Federation and its Washington lobbyist, whose help they seek. Holman, an old Texas newspaperman, is the dean of the farm lobbyists, having fought on farm-bloc bills from the Capper-Volstead Act of 1917 to the present time. With quiet dignity but deadly effectiveness, he represents an industry which accounts for almost a fourth of the entire farm income. The present president of Holman's Federation, John Brandt, head of Minnesota's Land o' Lakes Creameries, is giving the old dignified approach a shaking up. Brandt was one of the wild-eyed inflationists who attended Gannett's Chicago conference; he will orate at the slightest opportunity along the food-shortage, feed-shortage line of the Dewey Republicans.

The National Grange has also had a recent shot in the arm in its Washington operations. National Master Albert Goss, the "barnyard economist" who succeeded to the job when Louis Taber's America First and other such activities took him out of the mastership, has reached a stage of mellowness which seemed to blend into the Grange tradition until an energetic promoter by the name of Charles Dana Bennett came in as Grange publicity man. Bennett doubles as editor of a new enterprise called Agricultural Research, Inc., under which letterhead he writes a breezy weekly column, "Washington Farm Reporter." Bennett has big plans for lifting Agricultural Research, Inc., into the big time right away, with whose money and for what purpose he does not say.

When Babcock went home to Cornell, Ezra Benson, a one-time Mormon missionary, Boy Scout leader and quietly efficient executive, was moved up to Babcock's old job as secretary (and lobbyist) of the National Council of Farmer Coöperatives. It is generally assumed that Babcock still has time to supervise the Capitol Hill work of his successor and to keep in touch with the new president of the Coöp Council, Charles C. Teague, who comes from the politically potent state of California. Teague brings to the Coöp Council the same kind of reactionary leadership that Brandt contributes to the Milk Producers' Federation. Teague was a member of Hoover's Farm Board, heads the California Fruit Growers' Exchange (Sunkist), and was one of the hardest-working money raisers for California labor's worst friends, the Associated Farmers.

The Commodity Boys.– These are the "Big Four" farm organizations which get the spotlight in most Washington stories. But there are dozens of other special lobbies which Wesley McCune in his excellent book, "The Farm Bloc," calls "The Commodity Boys."

The cattlemen's lobby, which is reported to have about two hundred men in Washington on and off, has been one of the most active in the current fight against consumer subsidies. Joe Montague of Amarillo, Texas, general counsel for the Texas and Southwestern Cattle Raisers' Association, is head of this delegation from the Beef Bowl, but its strongest member sits in the House of Representatives as a ranking member of the House Agriculture Committee—Rep. Richard Kleberg of Kingsville, Texas. Amarillo Joe does the testifyin' before committees and makes the

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daily calls to the office of that other Amarillo boy, Assistant Secretary of Agriculture Grover Hill. Dick Kleberg, who is one of the King Ranch Klebergs, owners of the largest single cattle herd in this part of the world, was once president of the T & SW Cattle Raisers' Association, which Montague is now representing in Washington. Kleberg handles the in-fighting. The cattle lobby is making out all right. So well that the big packers are still content to use it as a front.

Oklahoma Rep. Wesley Disney is working so hard for the oil boys up on the Hill and Harold Ickes, Petroleum Administrator for War, is being so agreeable to them downtown that they can sit back and take it easy in their hotel suites. "Cotton Ed" Smith and Elmer Thomas look after the cotton boys with the help of Senator Bankhead. Sen. Harry Byrd, the biggest apple grower in the world, is naturally looked to for protection by apple men who do not have Senate seats. The OPA fixed up the canners' lobby by putting their Washington lobbyist, Carl Lovegren, into a strategic price-control job. These are just a few of the "Commodity Boys." A full list would take pages.

The Work Horses. – The State Commissioners and Secretaries of Agriculture have already been pointed out for the role, usually an unconscious one, they have played as tools of the reactionary farm-organization men who have courted them most assiduously. The Extension Service of the United States Department of Agriculture has always been closely connected with the Farm Bureau Federation in many important farm states by the very terms of the law establishing it, and is in an equivocal position in the administration fight against inflation.

The Opposition. – Labor and liberals have been slow to fuse their forces to uphold subsidies and fight inflation. Even fused, they are slight, their resources paltry beside those of the enemy coalition. Only recruiting of the whole middle-class group which stands to lose under inflation can force Congress to change its vote.

Active indignation won't come without information about inflation and who is causing it. The Vice President could put the old Senate Lobby Investigating Committee back to work any day he wishes. If we are to escape from government by lobby, he should act now. For as Hugo Black warned almost ten years ago, "Contrary to tradition, against the public morals, and hostile to good government, the lobby has reached such a position of power that it threatens government itself."

Washington HELEN FULLER

Architecture in Wartime[1]

In GREAT BRITAIN, along with the wartime expansion and relocation of industry, the force of circumstances has created a vigor of architectural and community planning for the postwar period, integrating technical, living and political considerations. The analysis is not always searching; the right choices are not always made; but the planning is national and conscious. Thus, the poverty of the land and resources, the density of the population and the pessimistic prospects for a more self-sufficient England after the war have led to plans to salvage the countryside (smashing the suburbanism of twelve families to the acre), to license and nationalize, with compensation, all future development, etc. (See the Scott and Uthwatt Reports.) Most obvious of all, the bombardments that have touched one building in five have called forth hotly debated plans of reconstruction, as the Royal Academy v. MARS plans for London, or the elegant plan for Coventry. But whatever the choices, there is at least the excellent situation of immense change met by an integrated analysis and control of trends.

In America—the United States and Canada—the outlook is less bright. Certainly the expansion and dislocation have been enormous. But the wealth and security of the country, and especially the ridiculous and often mendacious excuse of haste, have led to piecemeal, unanalyzed developments unchecked by long-range thinking. There are well marked trends; there is no general idea. The three hundred-odd planning groups do not have even an advisory capacity—and even the overcautious NRPB has been liquidated. Yet the main ideas and data do not have to be investigated, for they have been discussed and collected for decades. The excuse of haste now should be taken for what it is, the impermeability to ideas then. To *think* a problem through, when the conditions are known, is hard, but not impossible. Here we can speak only of the good and bad trends that have been appearing and have the vitality to last; we cannot speak for or against a program.

In summary we find (1) that with some exceptions the military architecture is stand-pat and has analyzed nothing, though the navy and the new air forces have done some fine work; (2) that the defense-housing, sponsored by government and agitated for by labor, has slipped into a garden-city orthodoxy that was excellent fifty years ago but has already become per-

[1] This is the second of a series of articles on American civilization in wartime. The third will be "The Movies in Wartime," by Manny Farber.

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nicious; (3) that the industrial architecture has most often adjusted to expanding production by enlarging old plans, without analyzing the new technical and community problems that arise when the big becomes gigantic; (4) that plenty of "temporary" work is being done "in haste" that will yet outlive its authors; (5) and that the profession of architecture has taken a beating and should be reorganized on a new basis for large-scale projects.

Military Architecture. – "Any army post," the War Department has said, "is in many respects a little city in itself." Indeed such a post, in construction and lay-out, possesses remarkable architectural interest, for it contains as in a scheme the solution of the general problems of fundamental safety, circulation, dwelling and work, yet without the complicating factors of civil communities, for psychology, class status, real estate, etc., are rigidly predetermined.

The lesson drawn by the army, however, seems to have been that fundamental architecture is not architecture at all but engineering; until less than a year ago the posts were given out almost uniformly to men trained in civil engineering.

The ineptitude of the engineers appears in both the buildings and the layout. The "Mobilization" barracks designs are almost identical with those of 1917, with the addition of central heating and plumbing. (There were plans in the War Department with "1917" erased and "1939" substituted. Was this "haste"?) Given the additions, a good architect would have altered the design: *e. g.*, the substitution of plumbing for latrines should have led to a more concentrated and economical layout of the camp; central heating should have involved a construction that would not waste fuel, etc. But no such thing. In general there is no distinction of construction for hot and cold climates; insulation is added as an afterthought, etc. The design is not adjusted to the quality of the materials—green wood—and the cheapness of the construction; thus the guillotine windows always stick, whereas top-hinged windows would have worked. Details are specified that are no longer on the market. Etc., etc.

It is evident that the plans were copied by men not practised in housing design. (Notable exceptions here are the improved planning of Post Exchanges, and some of the mobile field structures such as the Nissen hut and the demountable hangar.)

The usual layout is bad. Far from being a "little city," it is a rambling suburb. In a city plan, the center would contain the chief general activities, Administration, Post Office, Main Post Exchange, Warehouses, Clinics, Service Club, etc. Instead, in the center is the Maneuver Ground, ½ x ¼ mile, where in fact modern maneuvers cannot be held. The barracks are spread in blocks and are separated from each other by 40′-0′ spaces; thus some are a 3-mile walk from the center which is no center. Each block has its company mess, involving long hauls from the warehouses, endless waste and no labor-saving devices. Clearly the lay-out is a relic of the days of campfires and the honey bucket. Again, the first step in "site planning" is clearance, which means removing every shrub and tree; the soldier is thus condemned to eight months of mud or dust, the soil erodes, and there is no shade, until a large sum is allotted for "beautification," which means putting back trees from a horticulturist's. "There's not a tree in Camp (Joyce) Kilmer."

Theoretically, it should be possible to distinguish the temporary cantonments we have been describing, built in an emergency and soon extending far beyond the original design or lack of design, and the small, better built permanent posts in the Canal Zone or Hawaii. But in fact these temporary designs are now lasting through their second war.

As examples of a better way we may mention the Maritime Commission's Florida Training Station at St. Petersburg, a straightforward hotel; and, laudable for its bold and fresh style, the Welfare Building at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station. The recently completed army staging area at Orangeberg, designed by men trained in architecture, can boast of good site-planning and of a somewhat improved layout.

War Housing and Permanent Housing. – Since 1939 more than a million units of housing have been built in connection with war industries, from temporary structures clustering around factories to urban developments and, most numerous of all, entire permanent new communities. Such a field is of course impossible to survey, but the main trends that seem to emerge in this vast activity are as follows: (1) Even where it is agreed that some things must be temporary, because of shortages, the uncertain future of an industry, etc., there is no thorough analysis of the temporary. At the same time bad permanent design is excused by haste and shortages. (2) Whole cities and industries are located for reasons of special interest, without regional and national planning; these will surely create grave postwar problems of dislocation and obsolescence. (3) Almost uniformly, the industry and the community are planned separately—yet not only the welfare of the community but the technical efficiency of the factory depends on their integration. (4) Through the machinery of the FHA and some well known tricks, many private operators have made good immediate profits, without the risk of responsibility for future solvency, because the government holds the mortgages—last year the FHA carried 80 percent of the mortgages in the country.

The enormous chaos of unplanned temporary housing, both in urban and open sections: the shacks, the trailers, the doubling-up, the lack of schools, water, sanitation, shops or transportation; the resultant de-

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linquency, racial problems, flood-outs and potential epidemics—these have already been widely publicized. Yet there was a wealth of available experience to draw on: the migratory camps of the FSA, the mobile communities of the TVA, the British hostels.

This experience has been used to a paltry degree. Even so, temporary housing is far from simple: once it is agreed that utilities should be laid down, there is little difference between the streets, pipes and other services of a temporary camp and a permanent settlement; the mass fabrication of weatherproof temporary structures requires considerable tooling; in general that which lasts through one winter can, with overhauling, last through twenty. But it is undeniable that the difficulties would be far less if the prefabricators would bring forth something new in the most elaborate and expensive parts of a house, a simple and unified kitchen and toilet unit, for instance, instead of taking just these elements for granted; and this holds even more for permanent prefabrications.

Worst of all, however, is the permanent community that is planned and falls through, where no provision is made for housing at all! (The classical case of Willow Run.)

The urban developments have been the tail-end of the familiar prewar New Deal projects, and are now at a standstill. The postwar projects (*e. g.*, Stuyvesant Town in New York) are again the same thing. It is impossible to evaluate any of these outside the framework of the whole regional plans of the cities.

But the trend worth the most serious analysis is that every permanent new community planned or built —and this comes to many hundred thousand units— is in the American garden-city, green-belt pattern of Radburn; this trend is the continuation of the much publicized Greenbelt, Maryland, Greendale, Ohio, etc., of the New Deal period, and has now become the established official orthodoxy, backed by labor demand. In our opinion such a trend is historically reactionary and morally and technically ruinous. It involved *as a program* the planning of the industrial and personal-domestic-cultural life separately from each other; and thereby it *fixes* American culture in its disheartening superficiality. It expands enormously the already far overgrown system of in-between services, that are neither consumption nor production—transportation, extended city services, etc.—so that more and more time and wealth are allotted to what gives no satisfaction in itself. It encourages the lapse of factory-planning into merely technical solutions, that will prove less efficient on the whole. It detracts, by its suburbanism, from the real integration of city and country, which depends on a regional functional relationship between farm and factory. Esthetically it will be caught in a dilemma; either the houses are designed as an escape from the factory style, and therefore are cute, homey, ad nauseam; or they will borrow the factory style and be streamlined, functional-*appearing*, etc., to ennui; but the as yet nonexistent integral ornament that we hope for will never be invented.

When the garden-city idea was proposed fifty years ago by Ebenezer Howard, it was a reasonable reform. The coal-powered factories were dangerous, noisome and ugly, and marked with the ill repute of child labor and sweated labor. It was necessary to quarantine them physically and morally in order to preserve any decency of life. Even so, in the original city (Letchworth) planning *apart* from the supporting industries was not even thought of, and the distances are walking distances. But the Radburn type (after Parker and Unwin) often does not even indicate how many miles away the factories are located.

The new garden cities are laid out at a time when the factories, powered by electricity and converting their wastes, are often the handsomest buildings in the vicinity. (The best thing about Willow Run is Albert Kahn's beautiful façade.) What was once a reform has now become a meaningless orthodoxy. And if we look more deeply into the meaning of it, is it far-fetched to state that the quarantine is not so much to keep the industrial life from the home life as to keep personal and home considerations from the industry? As if the men were merely units in production, to be sterilized from human concerns by a long trip before the day's work; and this in the interest of an efficiency that will prove to be less efficient in the end; less inventive, less flexible; more busy about distribution and less about satisfaction.

No clearer indication of the garden-city mentality could be given than to quote an editorial of the influential Architectural Forum on the community planned for Willow Run. "Willow Run was almost unique in that it was a city planned from scratch," says The AF (March, 1943, p. 37). "Five groups of architects were given a large tract in the country on which to build five neighborhoods, each complete with houses, shops and a school. A sixth firm was appointed to design a town center. . . . Thus the project becomes a proving ground for the most advanced ideas on housing and city planning." On city-planning! It's fantastic. The town center is at least five miles from the supporting industry.

In a sense the traditional Ford policy on plant-location was, in its astutely narrow profit-bearing thought, more architectural than the New Deal's garden-city mentality. In a letter to the authors, Ford's architect, the late Albert Kahn, explained that Ford plants were principally located among an existent cheap-labor supply, *e. g.*, part-time workers in a farm region who also grow such "agrindustrial" crops as soy beans for plastics. This was already an integrated arrangement. Thus it is not without irony that at Willow Run, where because of the emergency Ford had

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to abandon his traditional policy and import labor, he should run into the difficulties that have become a public scandal. Certainly his veto of the community is in no way surprising.

What are the alternatives? The old, company-town method was to start the small houses across the street from the plant and to extend them in endless row on row. Surely the garden city is better than this. Another alternative is to surround the plant with an urban concentration, 400 families to the acre. This at least has the advantage that everybody can walk to work. But a third alternative is to disperse the plant itself. Let us now consider the plant.

Industrial Architecture. – The converse of separately planning the living community is separately planning the industrial center, the sole relation between the community and the industry being the highway, parking lots and entrances. This is not a theory but a common practice. A factory is regarded as a technical problem; but even as a technical solution the separated plan is absurd. (Let us omit as "utopian" any conception of the factory as culturally integrated.) The practice is almost as if the architects had ceased to regard the labor force as essential to production. Let us give an actual example: There is a plant, not the biggest in the world, where the mean distance from the parking lot to the machine is more than half a mile of walking, and where the parking and disgorging of a shift of autos take more than an hour, to which must be added the drive home. During some of this time the machinery stops dead. Can a technician regard this with equanimity?

The war has accelerated the increase in size of individual plants. A single shed at Willow Run covers an area two-thirds of a mile long by a quarter of a mile wide. The Glenn Martin plant at Middle River, Maryland, occupies more than 80 acres. It is not unusual for a plant to employ (in three shifts) 30,000 men. When there is a problem of even internal circulation within the plant, consider what this must mean in the layout of a community of family houses. On any layout whatever it is impossible for all to be within walking distance. If many are to be able to walk, then the dwellings must begin at the huge plant and stretch out in endless rows without open space or community form. Or all must commute a great distance from satellite garden cities.

It is possible for most of the largest plants to be dispersed into units a fourth, a sixth, a tenth of the size without loss of even mechanical efficiency. The form of a great plant is an empty shed, housing assemblages and subassemblages. (The shaping and heat-treatment of the parts themselves is done either nearby or at a different plant altogether.) In general, though not always, where there are six assembly-lines under one shed, there could be one under each of six sheds. There is not necessarily a loss of efficiency provided that the stockpiles of parts and the subassemblies are analyzed with this aim in view. The cost of construction of the smaller buildings might be slightly higher; but in the postwar world few such huge plants are going to run on their present schedules, and the smaller units would be cheaper to maintain and more flexible to convert. (But here again the fact that the enormous expansion is publicly financed has made the enterprisers somewhat careless of long-range calculations.)

The haste and shortages of the emergency justify this giantism during wartime, in those cases where it works in the short run. In the long run, and all things considered, it is always inefficient. The principle must rather be to analyze the production into such units of manufacture, assembly and subassembly as permit livable communities in the same vicinity. In the best case there should be little transportation of either men or materials, but it is always more convenient to transport materials, in the form of small parts and small subassemblages, than to transport men.

Given this principle, two community layouts present themselves, the one adequate, the other good. The adequate layout is to regard the factory-communities as satellites of a culture center, the people living near their work. The good layout is to regard the community, its living work, and culture, as integrated entirely, interpenetrating in space, correlated in function and meaning and combining factory and farm. But such an idea is far ahead of the psychological and social condition of industry at the present time; it is *not* ahead of the technology.

Closely relevant to the question of the dispersal or concentration of industrial plant is the well known wartime experience of England, where instead of rebuilding bombed plants in new vulnerable centers, as much of the manufacture as possible has been dispersed to small shops. But this is not simply a wartime maneuver, for it is founded on what is perhaps the most important industrial fact that has emerged in decades: the mass production of small machine tools powered by electricity. When this emerging fact, which is the converse of the assembly line, comes to be generally recognized and analyzed, the whole proportion of industry will be revolutionized: the increase in the scale of production will be not at the expense of, but by the encouragement of, small and almost domestic units. Then the good layout, the integration of the factory, the community and the electrified farm will be much nearer realization.

Aviation. – Still another wartime development of the first importance is the promise of unlimited expansion of individual, passenger and freight aviation, an expansion limited not by the number of planes and flyers, but precisely by the lack of architectural provision for the new set-up. It can be stated categorically,

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first: that the permanent communities now being built simply do not take seriously the fact of air travel, whereas the airport should be strategically located. Second: the great urban regional plans for future development continue to think of airports on vacant lots fifteen miles from the center; they do not envisage the inevitable surgical operations, or the building up of new centers.

The Profession of Architecture. – Nothing has been said here of individual buildings; the emphasis has been laid entirely on communities, urban projects and industrial and even regional plans. This has been the trend of major architecture in the past ten years. During the war, of course, private building has come nearly to a standstill. The extent to which private housing will revive after the war depends on the fortunes of the middle class; low-cost housing will certainly take the form of large projects, public or private; and business and industrial building either will or should be subordinate to urban and regional plans. That is, the prewar trend will come into its own in the postwar period; an architecture of large projects, using considerable mass production, with many-sided problems beyond the abilities of any single man and requiring a long time to solve. For projects of this kind the old organization of the profession into established firms has already proved unworkable and a new pattern is emerging. The established firm is kept going by a steady stream of small jobs that pay its salaries and overhead. But the large project, on the contrary, calls for a team got together specifically for the project, a unique combination of skills for the unique project. The actual alternatives, therefore, would seem to be either such private teams; or government agencies, which of course should have such teams; or perhaps best of all, agencies staffed by civil service. The architecture of the agencies, with resort to the professions for direction, has so far been by no means inferior; in agencies like the FSA and the TVA it has been even brilliantly integral and inventive. But on the whole it is likely that private teams in conditions of keen and fair competition will sink less into formula than a firmly entrenched agency.

But the most important problem of survival facing the architects is to learn their own function and to come forward with proof that they are indispensable. There is no architect, nor is there likely to be, who could determine the wisest policy in projects of the magnitude we are in for. But in our opinion at least, it is undeniable that in determining the policy, *from the outset* the architect should sit on the board. It is ridiculous and inexcusable for the architect to be called in, as we have shown, after many of the most important architectural considerations have been predetermined. Accepting such a commission, the architect ought at the same time to lodge a vigorous dissent: "Here is the solution of your program; but the program is absurd and should be drawn up thus and so. *There is still time to do it.*" To have this right, however, the architect must learn to take the broadest humane view of his profession, a profession on a par with medicine or politics.

Architecture and Social Policy. – The major problems of postwar construction and planning depend directly on social policy. The social issues involved are enormous; they include drastic decisions about real property, about "public welfare" financing, about the development and specialization of entire regions, and so forth. All these happen to be of primary importance to architecture. For architecture has this difference from the other arts: in any other art it is possible to compensate somewhat by personal integrity for social confusion; but architecture, because of its expensive medium and its public function, depends directly on social decisions.

But it is worth-while to distinguish two kinds of social issues that bear on architecture: the first are those that determine whether or not there can be major architecture at all; the second, the kind and the meaning of the architecture. Thus, of the first type: unless there is a radical change of law with regard to real estate, condemnation and compensation, it is out of the question to expect any great architectural solutions in our cities, other than mere ameliorations such as highways that literally skirt the problems and soon recreate them worse. At present even a simple zoning-ordinance butts against vested rights and the theory of "expected returns," so that the very future of architecture depends on the willingness to make genuine plans and to put teeth in them.

The quality and meaning of the plans, however, depend on social attitudes of a deeper sort. For instance, if the social attitude of 1925 returns, and it is agreed to have architecture at all rather than a network of highways and skyways, what will the architecture be? It will be the architecture of a department store, aimed at the advertising and merchandising of communities, whether at the market or on display in private homes, with a scope and quantity and tempo hitherto unheard-of. This is indeed a kind of architecture and may even be very grand. On the other hand, if a more human attitude comes to exist, there may be an architecture of a profounder meaning, smaller in scale, more leisurely in pace, grounded in the classic urbanism of integrated work and life, and in the humanity of integrated city and farm. Such an architecture, to symbolize it, is the architecture of city squares —squares where people stay, not mere junctions of traffic-arteries—squares on which homes and public buildings and factories and markets all abut. Such an architecture may even, again, be great.

PERCIVAL GOODMAN and PAUL GOODMAN

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The Southern American Way

A SHORT TIME AGO A. Philip Randolph, president of the International Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, got off the train at Memphis to address a mass meeting. A delegation of railroad porters met him with the news that "Boss" Crump had forbidden the meeting. The porters were humiliated, but they were also frightened. Twenty of Memphis' Negro leaders, at Crump's orders, had been called into a conference by Sheriff O. H. Perry, who ordered them to call the meeting off. The interview was not held in the district attorney's office or in the municipal conference chambers, but in the bull pen of the city jail. Boss Crump said Memphis had treated its Negroes well, had given them housing, medical centers, schools, playgrounds, parks, swimming pools, a tuberculosis hospital and help for the blind. The Boss said there would always be "about one percent" who would never be satisfied. The one percent weighed heavy on his conscience.

"No blatherskite or demagogue of the North or South should be permitted to interfere with the friendly relations between the races that now exist in Memphis," he said. "Free speech doesn't mean that anyone has the right to holler 'fire' in a packed theatre." The county attorney had warned the Negro delegation that the white people were arming themselves with clubs and guns and were going to break up the meeting if it was held. Randolph had spoken in Dallas and Houston without precipitating riots, and later in Memphis he addressed a small gathering of the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union. But the big mass meeting was called off.

There is something ugly involved here. There is a social dilemma highlighted by this incident which white Americans had better try to understand; it is a festering dilemma, and it is not going to be taken care of by the expedient of calling off meetings.

Here, on one hand is Boss Crump, a tall, white-haired, slick politician, who has been milking Memphis of political patronage for going on forty years. He runs a fat and fool-proof insurance business—a sign on the wall of his building says it is the largest general insurance business in the South. The building is right next to the courthouse. In the courthouse you get your license to run your restaurant. Then you step across the yard and get insurance coverage from the Boss. The Boss has been a fairly efficient administrator. He wins his elections with the pay-roll vote. And Memphis has supinely taken this dictatorship for nearly four decades.

Like most Southern politicians and members of the business class, Boss Crump points with pride to the housing and the hospitals for Negroes. There is always a hypocritical assumption of altruism, and exaggerated claims for the services actually provided. Measured against the Negroes' dire need, these facilities are small. White Southerners are habitually insisting that expenditures for Negro schooling and housing are largely outright gifts, since Negroes pay scarcely 10 percent of the taxes. They forget that Negro taxes are a measure of low Negro pay, not of the work and wealth they have supplied the South for two centuries.

Here on the other hand is Randolph, a tall, deep-voiced, tireless trade unionist. For thirty years he has been a militant, effective, incorruptible leader. He exhibits little diplomacy in dealing with white men, has injured the feelings of many and has frightened some. Southern white leaders have frequently quoted fighting phrases from his speeches as an example of the "inflammatory" Northern Negro leadership they want the Southern Negroes to ignore. And, indeed, Randolph's threats of a civil disobedience, threats which have now receded, seemed like bad tactics for Negroes and for our democratic fortunes in the war. And yet it was an earlier threat—the March-on-Washington movement—which jolted President Roosevelt into issuing the FEPC order which helped correct a general and outrageous discrimination against Negro workers. Over the past twenty years Randolph has done a monumental job of organizing poorly paid and defenseless Negro railroad workers into a tough, efficient union. His speeches are vigorous and uncompromising. But he asks no more than the Negro's legal and moral rights.

Randolph and the Memphis Negroes would not have gone out to precipitate a riot. It is possible that the armed white men the county attorney spoke of might have come to the Negroes to start trouble. But it is certain—and this is what Crump and all those like him fear in their hearts—that the Negroes would have gone away from the meeting more determined to press for their rights at every opportunity.

A Negro asking for his rights is evil *per se* under the Southern caste system—no matter what the man's character and personal worth. But this is obsolete thinking. Negroes are thinking on another plane now, and they will never return to the plane of the caste system. Here is the rub and the crisis.

Boss Crump and the business men of Memphis may want to keep things as they were in the good old days. But denying Randolph his right to speak is not going to prevent trouble. When a truth exists, it will break through of its own force. The truth is that Negroes are oppressed and denied. If white people want to prevent protest and trouble, they must acknowledge this truth, and grant the Negro a decent place in America. Preventing a speech is an extremely short-term measure.

THOMAS SANCTON

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Washington Notes

Pressure Politics

SEN. HARRY FLOOD BYRD of Virginia is not a very good speaker. He rarely trusts himself to talk extemporaneously, and he runs into unexpected difficulties even when wrestling with a manuscript. Words which he or somebody else put down on paper suddenly jump up and hit him in the eye, and sentences don't end right. Particularly is this apt to occur when he is driven forward by heavy pressure of choler as he was in his recent denunciation—read from manuscript—of his fellow Democrat, the honorable Senator from Pennsylvania, whom Mr. Byrd snarlingly characterized as "Guffey."

The controversy arose, of course, over the fact that conservative Southern poll-tax Democrats had just united once again with Republicans in defeating an administration bill. It is this combination—Southern Democrats and Republicans—which really rules Congress today. The administration has responsibility without power. It is an ideal set-up for pressure groups and partisan deals.

It would be nice to imagine that Mr. Guffey, on his side, was a liberal and an idealist, protesting defeat of the soldiers'-vote bill on patriotic grounds. Actually, of course, he is an old-school Pennsylvania politician, with a certain charm in his bald materialism. I find nothing more persuasive of the charge that the soldiers are being robbed of their votes than the howl of rage from Mr. Guffey. He believes the soldiers will vote Democratic in 1944 if given ballots. His all-inclusive blast against Messrs. Byrd and Pew stirred the smoldering Southerners into flame.

The Southern group is red-hot anyway, over the approaching anti-poll-tax battle of which I wrote last week, and this will probably break into an ugly filibuster after Christmas. For them the proposal to let the federal government handle the voting of 10,000,000 soldiers and sailors was a curtain-raiser to the poll-tax battle.

I could not listen to the solemn warnings of Byrd and Bailey without believing it was a portent. While "secession" from the Democratic Party, as such, seems improbable, the prospect is that there will be still greater opposition to the administration by the Southern bloc from now on. This, in turn, probably means more concessions to the reactionaries by Mr. Roosevelt, as the price of support for international and war measures. There is a curious, cock-eyed similarity today between this situation and that of the unfortunate Mr. Hoover in relation to his divided party in 1930.

The anti-inflation battle goes on. All statistical indices point to mounting, explosive pressure. War Mobilization Director Byrnes is the latest to appeal for support. He urged three things: higher taxes, retention of subsidies, rejection of pressure groups. Let us take up the three.

Immediately after Byrnes asked for more taxes the Senate Finance Committee slashed the already House-emasculated tax bill below the $2,000,000,000 level. There was some talk of dropping it altogether.

On the second inflation front, food subsidies, the outcome is still uncertain. Consumers' organizations are continuing their vigorous and effective protest against the House bill to kill all such subsidies after December 31. A Senate modification of the House death-warrant seems very likely.

As to the third item, defeat of pressure groups, Mr. Byrnes specifically singled out the matter of the railway workers' wages. This is a long and complicated issue, which I cannot go into here. But in any case, the Senate promptly flouted Byrnes's request and voted 1,100,000 non-operating rail workers a flat 8-cent-an-hour wage increase, instead of the sliding scale without which, Price Administrator Vinson declared, the Little Steel formula would be breached.

Meanwhile the battle for preferred position continues, as each day brings new inflationary reports of money-in-circulation at all-time highs and soaring individual incomes for the nation, which are now, I believe, equivalent to a $153,000,000,000 annual rate.

This matter of favored groups comes up again and again. The pre-Pearl Harbor fathers suddenly became a favored group in draft preference chiefly, it would seem, as The Baltimore Sun put it, "on the grounds of their demonstrated fertility." Mr. Roosevelt resignedly signed the bill. He might have vetoed it, of course. But all Mr. Roosevelt's actions now seem bent on one policy, placating Congress in order to obtain its support for winning the war and the peace after it.

When Congress stripped War Manpower Commissioner McNutt of Pearl Harbor draft powers and handed them over to the Selective Service Director, it followed a familiar pattern. In effect it was the same pattern that it followed for the rail workers. It will come up again this week. A pressure group that seeks higher prices for gasoline and oil backs the Disney bill, to transfer these commodities from the OPA to Mr. Ickes. Another group wants to handle coal likewise. A third group would transfer OPA food control to a "food dictator." The object in each case is the same—higher prices.

Willkie supporters are holding their breath over the possibility that a Senate subcommittee on Privileges and Elections will actually summon him to answer the charges of Nelson Sparks, former mayor of Akron, that the 1940 nomination was "bought." Nothing would please Willkie more. . . . Californians don't know it yet, but from now on their favored position in respect to gasoline will slowly disappear. There just isn't enough West Coast gas to meet the generous coupon supply they have been getting. . . . There was no coy Dewey "I-am-not-a-candidate" statement from the New York Governor after Landon's latest praise, and the candidacy may be out of wraps before long. There is talk of Stassen for Dewey's running-mate. . . . Speeches by Byrnes, Speaker Rayburn, Price Administrator Bowles and WPB vice-chairman Charles E. Wilson, all warning against inflation and divisive pressure groups, appear to be part of a concerted effort, and indicate rising conservative apprehension over the home front.

T. R. B.

Washington

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Southern State Normal School
Springfield, S. Dak.

Sing, Little Chillun

Carmen Jones, by Oscar Hammerstein II, based on Meilhac and Halévy's adaptation of Mérimée's "Carmen," with Bizet's music. Broadway Theatre, December 2, 1943.

IT IS NO LONGER NEWS, of course, that "Carmen Jones" is the Bizet opera sung by Negro singers and with the story done over to happen in front of a former cigarette factory now making munitions and the names changed to Cindy Lou, Carmen Jones, Joe, T-Bone and so on. There are new words, naturally, and the familiar arias and duets, et cetera, become "Stan' Up and Fight," "You Talk Just Like My Maw," "Dat Ol' Boy," "My Joe" and the like.

The settings designed for "Carmen Jones" by Mr. Howard Bay are highly successful, more than delightful in fact, and so are the multitudinous costumes by Mr. Raoul Pène duBois. Mr. Hazard Short and whoever else may have had a hand in the general staging, lighting and color schemes did an unusually lively and capital job of it, one of the brightest spots of the season.

The first act of "Carmen Jones," the first half of the event, is the encouraging part. It is full of life and go, it skillfully exploits the glowing vitality of the Negro performers. You could not justly say that it parodies Bizet's opera; to say it plays with the Bizet would be better, it plays on and in and out of the Bizet, sometimes with real wit and invention and always as if enjoying the novelty of the idea. What's more, the heavier or more serious part of the opera has not arrived and the singers are better able to cope with their parts.

The second half of the occasion slumps considerably and becomes at length fairly tedious. The novelty has worn off somewhat. Fresh inventions and kidding and gayety are needed to keep this bright ball in the air. You might say that things had to become more tense and to stick, or seem to stick, more closely to the opera itself. This may be true, but it is just as true that the talent of the new version would appear in contriving something both Bizet and more within the Negro quality, with its special racial gifts of vividness, warmth, simplicity and directness of emotion, with its remarkable qualities of voice and rhythm and its natural gift of movement. There were, in fact, times when the performance threatened to turn merely into an imitation of white operatic efforts. At such times it was obvious that the singers, for all their lively presence and tone, were not ready to give Bizet's music the singing it requires, especially as regards the projection and the pressure that establishes the musical line. Toward the end, where Cindy Lou, who is Micaela, has the aria about Joe's (José) mother, the singer whom I heard stood there and executed it like a little girl trying opera or playing prima donna, not offensively, merely not up to it. Keep all the Bizet you want, but more genuine re-creation, more conversion into what was both Bizet and not Bizet, would have provided quite a different matter.

Comparisons with opera at the Metropolitan are obvious of course, but largely profitless. I saw lately a performance of "Lucia de Lammermoor," with Miss Lily Pons heading it. Miss Pons not only sang without luster or imagination; she never for the most part came near the form, phrase, pattern, whatever you choose to call it, of Donizetti's music. The orchestra was on the whole vague on the up-take, constantly loose as to the musical pattern it waded through. This leads nowhere very much with regard to the Negro version of operatic performance. The special elements they bring to the theatre have long been known and remarked on. It should be pointed out, meanwhile, for the sake of the record, that with very few exceptions the entire company in "Carmen Jones" are not dark at all; they are as light, if not lighter, in color than was Carmen herself very likely in Andalusia.

STARK YOUNG

"The Cross of Lorraine"

"THE CROSS OF LORRAINE," which is based on Hans Habe's novel "A Thousand Shall Fall," is a grueling movie and a good one. It is an exposition essentially of the horrors of life in a Nazi prison, though it undertakes many —too many—other things, like the attempt by the Nazis to break a man's (Gene Kelly) spirit, the glory of the Free French movement, portraits of the Nazi character, a traitor, and various sides and aspects of the Frenchman. It projects its overwhelming horror by cumulative use of brutality, produced with the most exact reality at its highest effectiveness and force. These brutalities, which are necessarily restricted to one classification (since such effects as that of starvation are beyond the reach of even Hollywood's make-up people, the filth of the prison yard and the dysentery of the prisoners beyond the reach of what isn't censored), include careful reproductions of a man's face being kicked in, another's stuck with a knife, bodies being riddled by bullets, burned up, or dropped from the roof and bounced across the street. These are pictured as they seldom have been in the past, and I advise no one to see the movie who is sickened by such things, as well he might be. But it is one of the few films to come out of Hollywood this year that has been emotionally effective, has got close to the more unpleasant aspects of the war and has used anything like the means that are at the disposal of film directors. It is, I think, close enough to what it must be like in Nazi prisons, and important enough, to be seen by everyone.

All this is due to the ability of Director Tay Garnett, who is invariably waylaid by his writers and by the mores of Hollywood movie-makers; so that in this picture, as in "Bataan," he has to create realism out of something that was in the beginning purposefully less sincere. For instance, the script presents him with the job of projecting a traitor who is obviously stagey, too foolhardy for belief, and too quickly characterized to seem more than planted. He is given a minimum amount of screen time to build substantial portraits of his Nazis, situations that immediately strike you as implausible, and a story that turns about-face in the last thirty minutes to make a headlong rush toward morale-building in the bad sense. (This thirty minutes adds nothing to the picture save insincerity.) After successfully stating a Nazi's homosexuality or the castration of one of the heroes, Mr. Garnett is made to waste several minutes taking it all back. He has, though, the ability to make these facts as believable as possible, and is able to get the highest emotional effect from them by projecting on the screen rich, volatile realizations of the ideas that are contained in the script.

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Mr. Garnett's greatest talent (shown in miniature by the climactic brutalities noted above) is to realize action with striking pictorial truth, complexity and force. He is always forcing the emotion of an action by getting the clearest, most direct views of it, by cutting his film so that the action continually strikes out at the audience and by constructing pictorial images of the action that are exciting and full of illumination. All of the action episodes: the transfer of the soldiers from train to camp, the life of the prison yard and particularly the bedevilment of the guard, the attempt at escape, the prisoners' murder of the traitor, the chase, and even the final romanticized struggle between some villagers and some Nazis, are fine motion-picture realizations, and full of intense feeling. Garnett's film vocabulary is to my mind the most extensive, most imaginative and aggressive one operating in Hollywood at a moment when others just as good as his or better are hibernating. His pictures contain the most imaginative use of cutting, an exact eye for a visual fact and the greatest effort to bring the audience into the picture of any being released during this period.

Since I seem on the point of crowning Mr. Garnett Hollywood Ace of 1943, this is a good moment to do the same for Sir Cedric Hardwicke as the finest film player of the year for his performance as Colonel Lanser in "The Moon Is Down" and for his Father Sebastian in this picture. His performances should be a constant lesson to all those movie players who feel that projecting vitality on the screen calls for ever constant machinations with the hands and the features; for his technique is a subtle, quiet use of pantomime and voice, and exacts—as witness the prayer he gives in this—the finest, most human and adult response from the spectator (for the same sort of thing I mention Henry Morgan, for his cowboy, Fonda's partner, in "The Oxbow Incident" and for his sailor in "Happy Land," who in my review last week was named only a face). There are flashes of playing that are emotionally true, from the other actors in this movie, like Ford's sudden fear before his attempt to escape, some of Kelly's playing and all of Joseph Calleia's. But Garnett has been waylaid by actors as well as by writers, and mainly by the two leads, Pierre Aumont and Hume Cronyn, whose stiffness he tried to offset with an intricate, planned pantomime but didn't.

MANNY FARBER

The Bandwagon

Dr. Overholser said that it was no longer considered a disgrace to consult a doctor for mental illness. He addressed 500 War Production Board employees on how to keep sane in Washington, he reported, and found them all eager to learn. – *UP dispatch from Washington.*

The earmark of an American Communist today, the commission [Civil Service] stated, "is an advanced degree of patriotism." – *From The New York Times.*

Roosevelt Luck

Former Gov. Alf M. Landon of Kansas today carried the effort to prevent Republican presidential renomination of Wendell L. Willkie to Washington where he will give freshmen GOP congressmen some political pointers. – *UP dispatch from Washington.*

Pistol-Packin' Mama

Lily Brown, the heroine, was just an average Middle West girl, except for the fact that her mother had committed a murder. – *A press release from Harpers, announcing Fannie Hurst's new novel.*

From the Axis Press

Mr. Roosevelt's and Mr. Churchill's junkets are becoming tiresome. . . . The theatricalism is becoming comic and the country is sick and tired of it. . . . Why Mr. Churchill indulges Mr. Roosevelt in these cheap affairs is incomprehensible, since he, in so far as Americans know, has no need of such flamboyance to strengthen his hold on the British people. – *Editorial in The Chicago Tribune.*

On the Home Front

MASTERPIECE CRAVATS. Hand-painted by d'Arsac, the creator ONE-OF-A-KIND, in a special d'Arsac silk, $25—$50 and up. – *An advertisement in The New York Times.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS

Correspondence

Postwar Security

SIR: Nothing better in its line has appeared in print than your supplement, dated November 29 and entitled "America and the Postwar World." . . .

The increasing importance of expanding aviation is now felt and will be felt to an even greater degree after the war, not only in the field of transportation but also in the more complicated field of international relations. For years, I have been studying this aspect of aviation and have come to two conclusions:

1. That controlled aviation is the core of the problem of postwar security.

2. The only form which such control could take, to be effective in every emergency, is the establishment of an international air police force.

Unless security against the sudden attacks of expanding air forces is provided, the brave and often well thought through plans for the postwar world will be of no value.

So I have come to the further conclusion that the formation of the international air police force should come at the very close of hostilities as the finest kind of non-breakable pledge on the part of large and small nations for mutual security and unity.

Montclair, N. J. ELINA FRADKIN

Books in Wartime

SIR: I have read with interest Malcolm Cowley's deploring of the absence of certain books [The New Republic, December 6] and, of course, maybe he is right in general, but I couldn't resist saying, no matter what he thinks of the individual book, that one "novel about America in emotional confusion" is called "So Little Time," by John P. Marquand; one author writing first-class war books is James Aldridge; the correspondent's book "on a level with the best of those written during the

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1930's" is "The Conquest of North Africa: 1940-1943," by Alexander G. Clifford; for "the political treatises by authors who recognize that we are entering a new age" see "Which Kind of Revolution?" by W. D. Herridge; for "discussion of our real problems at home" see "Brothers under the Skin," by Carey McWilliams and "U. S. Foreign Policy," by Walter Lippmann. Or never mind if you are tired of reading!

C. RAYMOND EVERITT,
Boston, Mass. Little, Brown and Company

[If Ray Everitt only wants to make the point that Little, Brown has a better wartime record than most other American publishers, why then, I agree with him entirely. All credit to the house for its policy of publishing comparatively few books and selecting them with care. But if he also wants to prove that American literature is in a flourishing state, there are one or two remarks to be offered in rebuttal.

A few weeks ago, a correspondent asked me for a list of novels dealing with the perplexities of American civilians. "So Little Time" was the *only* title I was able to suggest—and with the reservation that Mr. Marquand's satire doesn't speak for all of us. He knows what he hates, and, God! how he hates it, but he doesn't know what he wants. "Signed with Their Honor" has been called the one good novel about the actual fighting. If this physically robust but emotionally and intellectually quite immature (though likable) imitation of Hemingway's early manner can receive such praise—and deserve it, too, *by comparison*—doesn't that prove everything I was saying?

All these drafts from the Little, Brown jug aren't enough to induce more than a mild intoxication. One swallow—bird or gulp—plus one robin, plus a couple of mockingbirds, plus a wise and solemn barn owl—add them together and they still don't make a summer. – M. C.]

More About Otis

SIR: When I read Malcolm Cowley's and the other pieces about Otis Ferguson [The New Republic, November 1 and 22] I felt urged to add whatever I might to their words in order that I might increase the number paying tribute to the memory of a decent and valuable human being. It seems to me that possibly I may be able to say some things that no one else could.

My father was a New Republic subscriber for several years. Quite often he would suggest that I read this or that item, never with very satisfying success. In 1938 I was seventeen, had heard some Goodman broadcasts, bought some records, read a few copies of Down Beat, and learned to improvise a bit on the trumpet. It must have been some time during that year that father pointed out a couple of pages concerning Benny Goodman at the Pennsylvania Hotel.

After nearly memorizing those I went to the back copies in the basement and the Reader's Guide at the library in search of more Ferguson *re:* jazz. Then and in later numbers I read the articles about Jess Stacy, Bix Beiderbecke, Jack Teagarden, and some involving several players, like the two about the Jess Stacy "Breeze" record session with Fazola, Les Jenkins, Bill Butterfield and Don Carter, among others. Hence to Ferguson on movies, hence to Ferguson on books, hence to cover-to-cover New Republic reading.

Otis understood jazz and jazz players. I say that with conviction and as a jazz player, for regardless of how our performance would have been accepted by public or critics, my friend, Jack Larson, who plays piano, and I played jazz for the same reasons with the same *personal* results as the best. . . . Lots of people probably understand jazz, but writing or talking about it is another thing. . . . Some of the jazz critics were pedantic, some amusing, some convincing, but none could compare with Otis. When he reviewed "Young Man with a Horn," for which he had provided the title, he said, "I should like to have written such a book, if that's anything." That's something indeed, the finest praise Dorothy Baker could ask.

Here was our reassurance. Here was our precious jazz treated seriously, with understanding and sensitivity, by a high-class intelligence. . . . We found him the type of person anyone can be proud to have on his side, and he wrote of our music as sincere people write about things that interest them. No gushing, no evangelism, just straightforward reports of incisive perception and wise reflection.

Now at last to the part of this that I expect to be interesting to you people on the paper: Soon after reading the first of the jazz things I summoned the nerve to write Otis and tell him about Larson and myself, what we thought of some of the jazz men, how we were trying to play, that we hoped to be able presently to play where people might hear us. Almost as soon as an exchange by regular post is possible I received a long, splendid letter, full of encouragement, advice and inside information about the frantic way things function in the big time. What a thrill to get such a letter; and in a completely unself-conscious, conversation-among-equals manner!

Later some of us made a record and sent it to him. The surface was awful, and we nearly wore it through before shipping it, but Otis sent us a review and more encouragement. He said it sounded "more professional" than he had expected. It wouldn't have been honest to say it was terrific, but he said the nicest thing he could. . . .

That a person of so much value to his fellows should go out to fight and die beside men who possess little talent for the art of living, should do the thing his conscience told him was right when evidence on all sides foretold that he and all the destroyers of fascism might be betrayed, must fill everyone with respect and admiration. What I have written here, though, may help to get closer to an accurate idea of the man. Kindliness, good will and unselfishness on this level may have gone unsuspected even by those quite near him.

445th AAF Band, CPL. ROBERT D. CROWLEY
Romulus Army Air Field, Romulus, Mich.

"La Santa Espina"

SIR: A footnote will be missed by many readers in the poem by Louis Aragon, translated by Kenneth Muir, and published in The New Republic of December 6, under the title, "Santa Espina."

"La Santa Espina," which obviously inspired Aragon's poem, is a well known Catalan song against Castilian oppression written by the Catalan poet Angel Guimerà, best known outside Catalonia as the author of the drama "Terra Baixa" ("Martha of the Lowlands," in opera).

The fiery Catalan song was composed musically as a sardana, the national dance of Catalonia, by Enric Morera, and usually played at open-air performances by a cobla, or orchestra, of eleven brass and wood instruments of very peculiar form and sound. It was arranged as a choral piece by the late Kurt Schindler and sung in New York by the Schola Cantorum several years ago.

The singing of "La Santa Espina" ("The Holy Thorn") and the dancing of the sardana were forbidden during Primo de Rivera's dictatorship. It is forbidden now by the temporary masters of Catalonia—the worthy heirs of Philip V and the Bourbon kings who in 1896 executed Dr. José Rizal in the Philippines and today congratulate the puppet Laurel.

President Companys, murdered at Montjuic Castle, of sinister memory, October 15, 1940, is the newest wound opened in Catalonia's flesh with the "Holy Thorn which revives her sorrows."

New York City J. VENTURA SUREDA

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"Sin" and "Crime"

SIR: "The liberal doctrine," asserts Dr. Salvemini [The New Republic, September 20], "teaches that while the Catholics are entitled to hold that birth control from a moral standpoint is a 'sin,' they are not entitled to demand that the secular government prosecute as a 'crime' the teaching of birth control by people who do not believe that birth control is a 'sin.' As for 'dogmatic' doctrines, I insist that according to liberal doctrine anyone is entitled to go to heaven or to hell the way he chooses and no civil government should interfere with the religious beliefs or with the right to spread his religious beliefs of even a single person, even in a country where the unanimity minus one is a Catholic."

In effect, then, "liberal" doctrine teaches that the secular government has no right to stand in judgment upon the moral or immoral principles of any individual or of any group of individuals. Congresses and their legislation, and judges and their decisions would be promptly liquidated. The majority of any group could not set up even one law, to say nothing of a body of common law, for the control of the group. For, by what right could the majority demand that even one individual respect its laws? Do not liberals of Dr. Salvemini's persuasion tie their own hands?

If the teaching of birth control cannot be interfered with by the secular government, then neither can the teaching of sterilization of the "mentally unfit." According to the "liberal" doctrine, Joe McWilliams could go on putting Jews in verbal ghettos, and Lawrence Dennis could sacrifice the dignity of the individual soul to a supreme state. William Dudley Pelley could incite Silver Shirts to race and religious rioting, while Know-Nothings and Klansmen could ride by night as of yore. Opium peddlers could preach the doctrine of Nirvana through opium. The Patiños could preach the virtue of free enterprise while applying it to the backs of slaves in their tin mines. . . .

In other words, we could all go to hell in whatever peculiar and selfish way we wished. Though it has become license, freedom of speech and of action would not be withheld from us. Examples of the consequences of following Dr. Salvemini's interpretation of "liberal" doctrine are without number. The application of his interpretation to everyday living would leave us all unprotected. Thus we should become our own worst enemies. The ensuing anarchy could lead only to ruin. Even if "we" are the government, we could not, under the "liberal" doctrine, expect or allow the secular government to protect us from ourselves.

Fortunately for all of us, "liberals" only talk that way (*vide* Dr. Salvemini); they do not live that way. I suspect that Dr. Salvemini meant to place some kind of a bit in the mouth of his runaway horse of liberals.

Cambridge, Mass. THOMAS A. FARRELL JR.

SIR: Mr. Farrell will never understand what the "liberal" doctrine is so long as he is unable to perceive the difference between "sin" and "crime."

The sin harms only the soul of the man who sins and therefore it is his own and nobody else's business. The crime unjustly harms other men, and therefore it is the community's business.

The man who desires his neighbor's wife commits a sin and goes to hell if he stops there. But if he steals, he commits both a sin and a crime and goes to jail while waiting for the time he goes to hell. There are crimes which are not sins and lead to jail without leading to hell. For instance, aiding and abetting a man to fly from prison in Naziland, in Mussoland or in Francoland would be crime according to the laws of the lands, but not a crime according to the opinion of all decent men and women except, perhaps, so far as Francoland is concerned, a few Catholics like Archbishop Spellman.

Putting Jews in verbal (?) ghettos, inciting to race or religious rioting or selling narcotics is unjustly harming other human beings. This is why they are crimes, though in former times putting Jews in ghettos was not even a sin according to the Catholic Church, and though starting race and religious rioting seems to be regarded as a meritorious job by Christian Fronters in Boston.

According to liberal doctrine, the churches and not the secular government have to teach whether an action is sinful or not. The secular government, not the church, is entitled to rule whether an action is criminal or not.

The clash between the liberal and the man who is blinded by religious fanaticism arises from the fact that the fanatic would like to have the secular government prosecute all sins as if they were crimes, whereas the liberal will never allow any secular government to make a hodgepodge of sins and crimes.

Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass. GAETANO SALVEMINI

Mr. Miller and His Conscience

SIR: Henry Miller's screed in The New Republic ("Another Open Letter," December 6) has moved me to the following comment.

Berkeley, Calif. A. G. S.

Poor Henry Miller can't get into print
In this land of the brave and the free
For the reason absurd that the words that he heard
In his lofty ivory tower
Are banned in this age from the pure printed page
Because of the Publishers' power.

Just a few homely words that he's eager to print
In uncensored liberty
But it wouldn't be proper to give even a hint
What those few homely words might be.

Short little words which lie at the heart
Of the writer's noblest itch
Words so essential to all high art
That we long to know which is which.

And so the poor writer with so much pluck
That he overflows with it
Finds he can hope for no better luck
Than to silently sit and sit.

From The New Republic Mail Bag

E. W. Dolch, of the University of Illinois, writes to suggest that the youthful German and Italian prisoners now in the hands of the Allies be taught English so that they may have access to liberal British and American political publications and British and American literature after the war is over. Only in this way, he says, can they get an antidote from the bulky Fascist literature in German and Italian libraries and from the Fascist tendencies in the press of those countries, which he believes will continue no matter what form of government evolves there after the war.

Alter Brody of New York City thinks A. G. Mezerik "missed the real implications of his excellent article, 'Those Long-Haired Professors' [November 29]. In Germany in 1939 they were 'burning the books.' In America in 1943 we are burning the professors."

We have been informed that a memorial meeting in honor of the late poet, Sol Funaroff, will be held on Friday, December 27, at 13 Astor Place, New York City, fifth floor, at 7:45 p.m.

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Books in Review

Chesterton's Later Years

I READ Maisie Ward's long biography of Chesterton[1] partly in order to find the answer to a question that had bothered me: why don't people talk about him any more? Thirty years ago his name was always linked with that of Shaw and often with that of Wells; they were regarded as the three great English writers of their time. At Peabody High School, in Pittsburgh, we tried to decorate our conversation with Chestertonian paradoxes. Hearing a garbled story of how he had written a play in rivalry with Shaw, we read his "Magic" and found that it was as entertaining as Shaw at his best. Why isn't it ever revived? In the 1930's there was an interminable argument about art and propaganda; why didn't anyone remember that Chesterton had discussed the subject in "Heretics," published in 1905, and had made by far the best statement of the case for propaganda? Chesterton was still living and writing while the debate continued—in fact he published fourteen new books between 1930 and 1936, besides four revisions or anthologies of his earlier work and twenty-five prefaces to other authors—yet for all the attention paid to him outside of Catholic circles, he might as well have been an obscure contemporary of Colley Cibber's.

It isn't that his writing is outdated, in the same sense as most of Wells and much of Shaw. Apart from their interest as stories, Wells's books on the future have a purely historical value: they tell us what people hoped in 1900 or feared in 1930, but they have little relation to the world that will follow this war. Chesterton writing about the England of 1910 somehow managed to imply the Europe of 1943. In spite of his optimism, he had a sense of impending doom—as note how his fantastic romances are likely to end in conflagrations or in visions of the last judgment—but he also had faith in the goodness of ordinary people. He represented the healthier side of the revolt against bigness, scientific heartlessness and personal insecurity that helped to plunge us into a series of wars. The same revolt might help to carry us out of them, if the rebels learned to understand their own aims and the right methods of achieving them. Chesterton's essays make good reading today, once you get over your irritation at the wasted words and the tricks of style that are insulting to the reader because they take for granted that he won't listen to a sermon unless it is delivered by a ventriloquist and interrupted by a cageful of performing monkeys. The sermon itself may be full of subtlety and wisdom, but Chesterton's ghost is speaking it to almost empty pews.

This is a fact that Miss Ward, as a friend and disciple of Chesterton's, prefers not to mention. She writes as if his later works, including "St. Thomas Aquinas" and the "Autobiography," had aroused the same general interest as the early ones. Nevertheless she gives the answer to our question, if only at great length and by indirection.

[1] Gilbert Keith Chesterton, by Maisie Ward. New York: Sheed and Ward. 700 pages. $4.50.

In the winter of 1914-15, Chesterton lay for months between life and death, usually in a coma and often delirious. Miss Ward is reticent about the medical nature of his illness, but she is definite in speaking of its cause or background: Chesterton had been working too hard, he had been drinking too much (although he was not an alcoholic) and he had been deeply disturbed by the corruption in British politics that was revealed in a libel suit against his younger brother Cecil. He had also reached a period in life at which breakdowns are fairly common among writers. Shaw wrote him after his recovery: "You have carried out a theory of mine that every man of genius has a critical illness at forty, nature's object being to make him go to bed for several months. . . . I did the thing myself quite handsomely by spending eighteen months on crutches, having two surgical operations and breaking my arm." But that wasn't the whole story, for Shaw went on to imply that in his case, too, the crisis was moral as well as physical.

It wouldn't have been surprising if Chesterton's illness had changed the whole direction of his life, but apparently he went on as before. He even began drinking again, although there were long periods when he was, as he confessed to his friends, "a secret teetotaler." After the war years, his literary output became larger than ever. His secretary, who kept an accurate account, say that he used to dictate 13-14,000 words a week on each of his new books (and I gather that his first draft went straight to the printer's). He also wrote two or three weekly articles for the press, gave lectures and edited a magazine. He was doing the work of at least three men, and most of it was good work, too, in its rather verbose fashion. People noticed, however, that he was writing fewer of his fantastic romances and that the new ones lacked the imaginative power of "The Ball and the Cross." Something had gone out of his work, call it fire or fantasy or invention. He was working desperately, but not to discover anything; it was more as if he was trying to escape some terrifying vision.

In the autumn of 1916, Cecil Chesterton joined the army and Gilbert took over the editorship of The New Witness, later to be continued as G. K.'s Weekly. It was the organ of the Distributist League, an economic sect based on the doctrines of Hilaire Belloc; both the Chestertons were among his disciples. Gilbert was not a fighting editor like his brother. He was disturbed by the sectarian quarrels of his contributors, some of whom were ferociously anti-Semitic from the beginning and would later be very tender to Mussolini, though not to Hitler. Apologizing to his liberal friends when things went wrong, Chesterton kept the magazine going—partly as a memorial to Cecil, who had died in an army hospital, and partly because of his sincere faith in distributism. G. K.'s Weekly lost money, and Chesterton paid the deficits out of his own pocket; that explains why he continued to write Father Brown stories long after he had lost his interest in them. Once he said in his column: "Many an imperial jewel has vanished from its golden setting, many a detective crawled about on the carpet for clues, before some of those little printers'

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bills could be settled which enabled the most distinguished and intelligent of Distributists to denounce each other as Capitalists and Communists."

There were changes in Chesterton's personal life about this time that were also reflected in his writing. But these are matters I should like to discuss next week or later, since Chesterton's work is not a subject that can be dismissed in a page.

MALCOLM COWLEY

Some Recent Verse

Map of My Country, by John Holmes. New York: Duell, Sloan and Pearce. 104 pages. $2.
The Fourth Decade and Other Poems, by Norman Rosten. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 142 pages. $2.
Cloth of the Tempest, by Kenneth Patchen. New York: Harper and Brothers. 185 pages. $2.75.
Poems, 1923-1943, by James Daly. New York: The Dryden Press. 148 pages. $2.50.
The Last Man, by Weldon Kees. San Francisco: The Colt Press. 47 pages. $1.50.

JOHN HOLMES is a poet who allows his experience to pass into his poetry nearly intact, in the hope that, given a sensitive memory and adequate skill, experience will of itself furnish elements of sufficient symbolic magnitude to contain all the poet's wealth of imagination and insight. Such a hope, though valid, may prove to be a pious one.

Holmes utilizes a variety of forms and meters, ranging from chapters of autobiography in free verse of loose rhythm to more concentrated, usually metrical, pieces on single incidents of significance for the poet. The chapters, lacking the cement of a prior unity of attitude or perspective, tend to fall apart into the mere atoms of memory, names, dates, events and labels by which we recall our emotions rather than renew them. The single poems suffer from related defects. Beginning well, usually his vision fails to sustain itself, and the poems remain unrealized. At his best, Holmes pleases by the modest music of good craftsmanship and the unpretentious revelations of a mature sensibility.

If Holmes tends to sacrifice his poetic license to his experience, Norman Rosten yields it up voluntarily to the "external world and its action" which, he informs us, he is most concerned with in his poetry. Why Stalingrad should be regarded as more "external" than a flower is difficult to see. Primarily Rosten tries to write for a wide, popular audience ("Ballad of Bataan" was performed by Orson Welles on the networks) and succeeds by writing for them in the language, spirit and mood of a rhapsodic newspaper editorial, with Marxist implications and gleanings of the more threadbare rhetorical devices from a type of poetry he deplores and disclaims.

Kenneth Patchen's "Cloth of the Tempest" will do much to diminish a reputation that "Albion Moonlight" tended to bolster somewhat. Patchen is a difficult poet to pin down because he either presents sensational cosmic or historic fragmentations for the reader to assemble, or simple-sounding verse movements around portentous personalities, or implied profundities which leave the reader with the task of construing the portents or drawing the implications. When he does complete a piece of poetry by himself, it is apt to be as banal and conventional a poem as one called "Attila" is. Moreover Patchen's stage lightnings and thunders end by wearying and annoying to such a degree that even the good passages either do not register or, if they do, seem fortuitous and misplaced.

This volume of James Daly's poems contains selections from two previous books and one complete unpublished volume. Spanning two decades, the verse displays constant progress within the limits of a talent that cannot fundamentally change or evolve. The chief accomplishment of that talent is the maintenance of a natural and personal tone through a variety of poetic situations. It is a quality which it is difficult to see fully in any one poem, inevitably cumulative, as though we were to hear a vocalist sing successively in many different ranges and moods with equal ease and without loss of personal identity, or recognize in a series of sketches the same intense and plastic line enclosing, with equal sympathy, clowns, madonnas, elephants and trees.

It is a humanizing achievement, for it gives to perceptions of chaos or despair the warm impress of a serious personal grasp. It is most fully realized in the last poem of the book, "The Savage God," which memorializes the poets and artists Daly admires. In it, the poet, perceiving the distortions of his and their existence, repeatedly inquires, "Do I smile?" and answers in the negative. It is this kind of consciously unsmiling confrontation of discrepancies in himself and his environment, which other poets would either satirize or lose their self-awareness in, that distinguishes Daly and makes his verse always worth-while.

Weldon Kees's first volume makes us instantly aware that we are dealing with a poet of unusual skill and genuine originality. Like Daly, he is keenly aware of discrepancy but delineates it through impersonal forms of such subtle and flawless music as to make the discords of experience stand out in sharp relief and without redemption. This sensitivity to the possibilities of musical unity dominates both the structure and the content of his poetry.

Kees's approach to poetry, typical of the generation now thirty or thereabouts, invites comparison with the typical poets of the older generation. Where Eliot and his contemporaries sought the meaning of the disintegration of society deep in themselves or behind the periphery of events, in the past or in a profound disorder of the spirit, Kees and poets like Nims or Shapiro tend to stay close to the facts of disorder itself, calmly accepting a loss in depth in order not to be tricked into adventures which poetry cannot easily certify without losing itself in the wasteful diffusion of thought and word that characterized many of the older poets.

"Plurality is all," Kees writes in one of his earliest poems. Events happen without any real relation to one another except the fictitious one in the mind of an observer or the faulty ones of social myth which the events burlesque (as a real crime may burlesque our detective stories—a favorite theme of Kees). These poems tend to note the facts of plurality, with economy and grace, imply the designs they fatally, poignantly or humorously miss, and close up shop. At its best the method produces the fine brief elegy, "For H. V.," a unique twinge of indistinguishably blended grief and wit, or the powerful and skilled sestina, "After the Trial," in which for once Kees thoroughly explicates rather than implies the important pattern, in this case, the

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pattern of guilt which parental and social authority assume in children and criminals and thereby impose upon them. The success of this poem would indicate the reason many of the others remain suspended in a state of irresolute dexterity or facile irony. In a world where plurality is all, any series of facts or images will do for a notation on plurality. At his worst, Kees tends to make such a series do too much poetic work and store up a potential of implicit meaning it is his task as a poet to release and actualize.

WILLIAM POSTER

Reporting America

Assignment: U. S. A., by Selden Menefee. New York: Reynal and Hitchcock. 301 pages. $3.

THE FEVERISH DOCUMENTATION of American life that characterized the thirties stopped dead when war began to absorb our interests. We have since been deluged with reports from every theatre of military operations, but no one has done a really adequate job of surveying the changes war has wrought in the life of the continental United States. Two years after Pearl Harbor, Mr. Menefee can claim the distinction of being the first reporter to take on this tough and important assignment. Sponsored by a research organization, he recently made a well planned junket of 15,000 miles to learn what he could in government agencies and newspaper offices, on street corners and in bus terminals. He has collected impressions and figures galore on war production, manpower problems, living conditions and the trend toward inflation. A good liberal, he has not overlooked the depressed areas of racial hostility and political reaction. In addition, he has studied carefully all the uncoördinated fragments of American opinion recorded from time to time by George Gallup and Elmo Roper, and he has tried his best to draw a complete and plausible picture from them.

The result is a book almost as solidly factual as the World Almanac and, I must unhappily add, just about as interesting. If you seek the latest figures on population shifts or the number of people involved in last summer's race riots, you can find them here. These are important facts, and Mr. Menefee has performed a tiresome but necessary chore in compiling them. Checked against other sources, his material seems accurate on the whole, and his arrangement of it is tidy. If, however, you want to know what kind of people were rioting, and why, you will learn nothing you do not already know. These matters are even more important than Mr. Menefee's figures, and it is a pity that, with the chance to write a really fine book, he has elected to write one so mechanical and so wholly devoid of insight. A fair sample of his reportorial technique is this: "In Greenfield, Massachusetts, I asked a local editor what the Republican people of Franklin County thought about Russia. 'They're very favorably disposed,' he answered."

But most of Mr. Menefee's questions brought forth more useful replies, and his book will stand, until a better one comes along, as the only report on American life in wartime. I cannot help wishing, though, that publishers who find themselves with statistical abstracts on their hands would not leave the things unindexed. This particular book is worthwhile only as a reference text, but the lack of an index cuts its value in half.

RICHARD H. ROVERE

Farmers Can Write

Roots in the Earth, by P. Alston Waring and Walter Magnes Teller. With an Introduction by Louis Bromfield. New York: Harper and Brothers. 202 pages. $2.50.

TO JUDGE FROM THE JACKET BLURBS, from reviews that have already appeared and from Sunday-evening remarks by Walter Winchell on the air, the big news about this book is: *Flash! Farmers can write!* Yes, even "dirt farmers"—if you like that twisted and demeaning phrase—can think deeply, express meanings of an exceeding reach and sensitivity, and write.

To what condition have we come in our land, anyway, that this should seem strange and new? Any odd angle which amid the spate of books invites attention should perhaps be welcomed. But it does seem extremely odd in a nation only three or four generations removed from a time when three-quarters of us were farmers, that a good book by two Pennsylvania freehold farmers should be received somewhat as if it were a horse that can count, a dog that can talk, or in terms of the times of Dr. Samuel Johnson, a woman preaching.

Alston Waring and Walter Teller operate family-size farms of less than one hundred acres each in Bucks County, Pennsylvania. They own their farms. The acquired them the hard way, on money borrowed at six percent or higher, with small initial down-payments for run-down soil and buildings. They follow in their several ways a judicious combination of subsistence and cash-crop tactics, and do odd jobs such as hauling, tractor work by the hour, helping on

NOTABLE BOOKS: 1943

John Day has published only 36 books in 1943. Of these five have been chosen in The New Republic's list of Notable Books, 1943.

AMERICA'S NAVY IN WORLD WAR II
By Gilbert Cant. The first complete presentation of the historic struggle at sea. Maps. Photos. Diagrams. $3.75

SUBJECT INDIA
By H. N. Brailsford. "A profound understanding of Indian life and British politics."—Louis Fischer. $2.50

THE HERO IN HISTORY
By Sidney Hook. The role of personality in world history. $2.50

BETWEEN TEARS AND LAUGHTER
By Lin Yutang. "Some of the plainest speaking on the issues of war and peace."—*The New Yorker.* $2.50

THE SPIRIT OF AMERICAN ECONOMICS
By J. F. Normano. "The most penetrating book on the subject."—Charles A. Beard. With Supplement. $3.50

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surveys for the Triple-A or the Soil Conservation Service and writing, to enliven the routine of their farming and to bring in a bit more cash. They are farmers who do honor to their calling, agriculture, in the broadest sense of the word. They have grown with their crops in knowledge and in fineness of spirit and they tell what it takes to make democracy work from the ground up.

Their book is not split into signed sections and the style of the whole is remarkably easy and even but, having met both men, I think I can always tell where Waring, the Quaker philosopher and humanitarian, leaves off and Teller, an intelligent Populist reincarnate, takes over. Waring:

> Here is a small farmer's problem in a nutshell: Debt incurred at starting brings insecurity. He is drawn into farming for money and, since his labor and that of his family is limited, food production for home use suffers. The result is poorer and more costly living, and in the struggle are lost some of those lovely qualities which can be associated with life on the land. . . .
>
> There are deep satisfactions in this life on the land when the basic necessities are cared for, when fear is gone and security has been established. It would be hard to describe what the coming of spring means to a man who plows or what he feels when he sees the wheat has sprouted in long, curved green rows down the smooth field upon which he has labored.

Again, it is Waring who in a chapter headed, "A New Kind of Individualism," brings to its plainest statement the main and recurring theme of this farmers' book:

> Coöperation is a new interpretation of a democracy, allowing a man to express his individualism by working with his neighbor instead of against him. . . . Democracy cannot stand still. . . . Working together to save the soil in a soil-conservation district in our county, we small farmers have learned that as individuals we find success only in the success of the group.

Both the authors are tender spirits when confronted with earth's beauty and wonder. But earth is hard and they know it; and "You can't escape into farming," they insist. Both hate injustice; they hate to see the rich and arrogant grinding down, scorning, the meek. Neither is meek. Hear Teller, who has worked as field man for the FSA:

> The Farm Security Administration has based its work on belief in the people. Its credit terms, its tenant-purchase plan, are based on the needs of little people who have no bank credit. The most important thing that the Farm Security Administration has done is to restore the self-respect of countless small farmers who had lost hope. . . . The big farmers, for whom the Farm Bureau speaks, fight to kill the Farm Security Administration. They want these men and women back on the plantations to sharecrop the cotton.

Again:

> When the nation is fighting a war in the interest of extending democracy, it is terrifying and disillusioning to find among our farm people groups out to destroy the democratic rights of other farmers.

Can the small farmer survive? Yes, say these two among them, but only if operators of family-sized units will advance in the ways of a coöperative democracy, thinking, planting, buying, selling and, if need be, fighting the big-shot pressure groups together, with an organized pressure that really represents the needs, the hopes and the undying determination of the rank and file of American farming people.

RUSSELL LORD

Aunts in Pants

Why Women Cry, or Wenches with Wrenches, by Elizabeth Hawes. New York: Reynal and Hitchcock. 221 pages. $2.50.

WOMEN IN INDUSTRY, Elizabeth Hawes finds, don't cry any more than women in the professions or in the home. You just notice it more, because war conditions have pointed up the basic reason for the tears: the intolerable choice they are, and always have been, forced to make. Shall it be a home, husband, children and the consequent enslavement to diaper and dishpan and three meals a day, or a job outside the home with either no husband and family at all or very unhappy ones? Even those fortunate few who have managed, with the help of a servant, to have their cake and eat it too, will be crying before long. For when the day of the Common Man arrives no Common Woman is going to be satisfied to care for someone else's children and clean someone else's house.

So the time has come to dry those tears and draw up plans for streamlining the American home: small self-cleaning housing units built around a common kitchen, restaurant, nursery-school, sick-bay, recreation hall; horizontal in the country, vertical in the city.

This involves coöperation, and since the unions have ready at hand the organized set-up, the functioning machinery necessary for working together toward the common good, Miss Hawes looks first to them for help. Her own experience as union member and amateur organizer on the production line at Wright Aeronautical Corporation led her to some conclusions she might never have reached solely as head of Hawes, Inc., expensive dressmaking house, or as the author of "Fashion Is Spinach."

Smooth-running labor-management committees have, in some cases cited by Miss Hawes, tripled production, and it is her belief that under present circumstances, "the only thing that prevents constant open fights and strikes is the discipline the union instills in its own members. The situation would be absolutely chaotic if there were no unions."

At this juncture the author sheds some personal tears because the unions themselves, being largely man-controlled, are often reluctant to admit to membership the women who have come into the factories; their motives in asking for nursery schools and community restaurants, which would relieve them of cooking, are suspected of being the groundwork for edging the men out of jobs that will be all too scarce after the war.

One can be enthusiastic about Miss Hawes's proposals for the domestic set-up of the future without seeing eye to eye with her on how it is to be accomplished. I, for one, would rather convince Mr. Morgan or the Metropolitan Life that we girls will be a sound economic investment, yielding a fair return on the dollar, than badger my congressman into subsidizing our escape from the Intolerable Choice.

GENE DICKSON

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A Reader's List

MEET THE ARAB, by John Van Ess (John Day, $3). The author has lived among the Arabs of Asia (not North Africa) for forty years as American missionary and teacher. This book is a compact, often fascinating summary of the Arab's past, present and future—touching on Arab history, geography, language, religion, learning, customs, etiquette, prejudices and, finally, modern nationalism and Pan-Arabism. Admittedly "supersaturated with the Arab viewpoint," but obviously striving for fairness, Van Ess proposes his own solution for the Palestine question: a Syria-Palestine federation in which the Jewish portion of partitioned Palestine would be an autonomous unit. Disappointingly, he voices a sort of "he-made-the-caravans-run on-time" enthusiasm for Arab "strong men" like Ibn Saud.

A BOOK OF WAR LETTERS, edited by Harry E. Maule (Random House, $2). Every branch of the services is represented in these heart-warming letters home from the men and women of our armed forces. And they come from everywhere—our own training camps, England, Tunisia, Guadalcanal, New Guinea, Australia, Bataan, the Aleutians, India and China. This is a high-spirited, gallant and often grim record of American boys and girls whom war has forced to grow up in a hurry.

THEY SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH, by Otto Zoff (John Day, $3). Those who "shall inherit the earth" are the ten-year-olds, employed in the Sicilian sulphur mines, the little girls in Hong Kong sold to brothel keepers by their proletarian parents, the shell-shocked children of England, the Jewish refugee children, the tiny starvelings of Nazi-occupied Europe, and the heroic children of Soviet Russia. But the author's understanding love embraces also the misguided youth of the Fascist countries: the young Falangists in Franco Spain, the Ballila in Italy, the Hitler Youth and the Japanese youngsters, taught to die for the Emperor. "All children are our children," the author summarizes, "there are no guilty ones, none from whom we can turn away." Even in this country the inner balance of many youngsters is upset by the present war, and child delinquency is growing frighteningly. Mr. Zoff briefly tells of the measures, taken by the Quakers and other groups, to rescue the children of Europe and Asia. The book, translated by Anne Garrison and prefaced by Dorothy Canfield, is well written and is illustrated with striking photographs.

WILD RIVER, by Anna Louise Strong (Little, Brown, $2.50). A wild river and a wild boy—the former was tamed by the Dnieper Dam, the latter, by the positive social pressures which transferred his destructive impulses into constructive usefulness. Stepan Bogdanov, the youthful gang leader and wild boy, is socially rehabilitated both through the mechanisms of communal life which demand conformity, and the efforts of Anya Kosareva, a peasant's daughter, whom he eventually marries. Anya becomes prominent as a woman agriculturalist and Stepan is made one of the master superintendents of the Dnieper Dam. Ironically, it is he who must destroy his work, ten years later, when the Germans raced through the Ukraine and threatened the dam. This is not a great novel about Russia but it is a rapidly paced story which holds the interest of the reader.

Contributors

HUBERT HERRING, for many years director of the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America, is an outstanding authority on conditions in that part of the world.

PERCIVAL GOODMAN, AIA, is an architect in New York City who is well known for his industrial and commercial buildings.

PAUL GOODMAN is a novelist, poet and critic. He is the author, among other works, of "The Grand Piano." The Goodmans' book on community planning, "The Way of Life and the Means of Livelihood," will soon be published by the Columbia University Press.

WILLIAM POSTER, who lives in New York City, has contributed verse and reviews to various periodicals.

RICHARD H. ROVERE is the managing editor of Common Sense.

RUSSELL LORD, editor of The Land, a quarterly, is at present on special assignment at Athens, Georgia, writing a TVA-Extension bulletin on soil reconstruction in the South.

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